

Manual 1909

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL OF COLORADO.

GREELEY, COLORADO.

A professional school for the preparation of teachers, in which there is a splendid faculty trained in the best schools of this and other countries, well equipped laboratories for teaching manual training, domestic science, physics and chemistry, biology and nature study, psychology and research work, etc., a library of 40,000 volumes carefully selected for pedagogical work, a museum for each department, a new out-door playground with the latest modern apparatus, athletic field and a gymnasium, a well developed school garden and nursery for outdoor season and a splendid greenhouse for winter months; a large practice school from the kindergarten to the high school inclusive, giving every one an opportunity to observe and teach while connected with the institution. No entrance examination is required for high school graduates or equivalent.

DIPLOMAS:

NORMAL, two-year course for high school graduate.

NORMAL GRADUATE, three-year course for high school graduate.

NORMAL COLLEGE, four-year course for high school graduate.

DEPARTMENTS:

Language: Latin, German, French, Italian, English. An opportunity to study the subject and to teach it in the Training School.

Science: Physics, Chemistry, Zoology, Botany, Physiology. The student studies the subject and teaches it.

Mathematics: Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytic Geometry. The student both studies the subject and teaches it.

Social Subjects: Sociology, Ethnology, Civics, Economics, History.

Arts-Crafts: Woodwork, Cooking, Sewing, Weaving, Basketry, Raphia, Drawing, Painting, Designing.

Nature Study: Room, Laboratory and Field Work, Garden and Greenhouse Handicraft.

Professional Subjects: Psychology, Pedagogy, History and Sociology, History of Education, Philosophy of Education, Teaching, Conferences, Seminar.

MISCELLANEOUS: A diploma from the State Normal School is a license to teach in the public schools of Colorado for life.

TUITION: Free to citizens of the state; expenses for board and room very moderate. Board from \$3 to \$3.50 per week; room rent from 75c to \$1.25 per week, two in a room.

Fall Term opens September 14, 1909.

For further particulars send for catalog.

Z. X. SNYDER, President.





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A Word with You About Engineering

Here in America a student often makes choice of his vocation when he is in the High School. It is a great harm both to the student and to society. Many young men are therefore making choices which prevent them from coming to their proper place. Just now in our country many young men are deciding to be engineers, when an entirely different career would be open to them if they only went on far enough in the culture courses. The engineering schools are now turning out many more engineers each year than can find employment in that profession. Recently a fine young fellow, who was graduated as an engineer two years ago, said to me that he had not been able to find employment in his profession. When asked what he purposed doing, his answer was: "I shall go to work next week as a laborer in the mines."

But suppose you wish very much to be an engineer. Why not take the first two years of your engineering course where you will have very many courses of study open to you, and where you can have a chance to find yourself? If you go to an engineering school at once, you shut yourself off from any other career but that of an engineer. You decide at once on your vocation. But in the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Denver you will have favorable conditions for determining your vocation..

We offer the following work which is given in the Freshman and Sophomore years of engineering courses:

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Term—Plane Trigonometry, Surveying, Physics (Laboratory), General Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis, Mechanical Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, English, German, French, Spanish.

Second Term—College Algebra, Analytic Geometry, Physics (Laboratory), General Chemistry, Mineralogy, Qualitative Analysis, Mechanical Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, English, German, French, Spanish.

Third Term—College Algebra, Analytic Geometry, Physics (Laboratory), General Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis, Mechanical Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, English, German, French, Spanish.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

First Term—Spherical Trigonometry, Differential Calculus, Field Astronomy, Physics, Quantitative Analysis, Organic Chemistry, English, German, French, Spanish.

Second Term—Geodesy, Differential and Integral Calculus, Mechanics, Physics, Quantitative Analysis, Organic Chemistry, English, German, French, Spanish.

Third Term—Advanced Trigonometry, Integral Calculus, Mechanics, Physics, Quantitative Analysis, Organic Chemistry, English, German, French, Spanish.

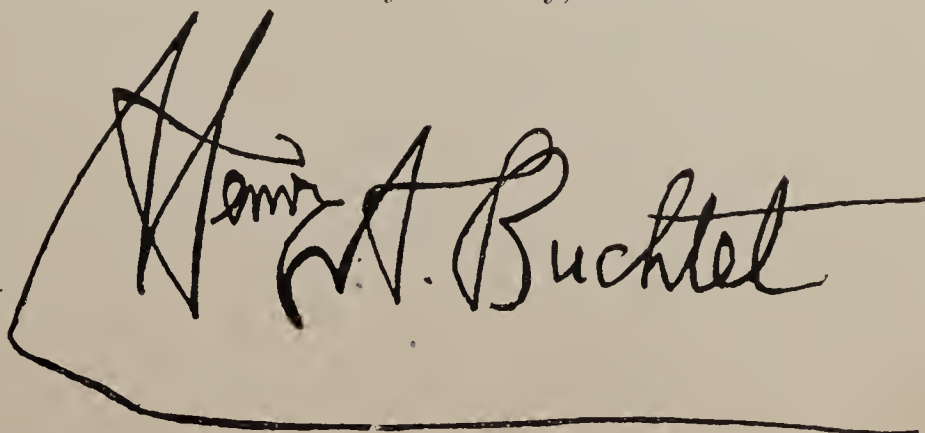
Study the above list. This means that we offer you everything in the Freshman and Sophomore years which is given in the best schools in civil engineering. It means that we offer you everything, except a few hours of shop work, in the Freshman and Sophomore years which is given in the best schools in mechanical and electrical and chemical engineering. Presently we shall be offering four years of work in all the departments of engineering.

Better take your first two years of engineering here at the University of Denver. While you are taking these subjects in engineering, you can also have opportunity to make choices out of a very extensive list of other subjects which will give you intellectual symmetry. We offer very many courses of study which are not given in any engineering school. Give yourself a chance to find your true vocation. It may be that a much larger career is open to you than anything which you now have in mind.

I shall be glad to answer any questions you may wish to ask. Write me at University Park, Colorado. Perhaps you would like to talk about your vocation. I shall be glad to see you. Make an appointment if you like. Call me up on 'phones South 131 or South 878.

Very sincerely,

University Park, Colorado,
March 30, 1909.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Henry A. Buchtel". The signature is written over a horizontal line and extends across the bottom right portion of the page.

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AUTOGRAPHS



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Florence H. Stannard.

Bernadetta M. Daly.

Bernhardina Johnson.

Grace E. Adams. 103 Byers Place.

Laura M. Hintze. 57 So. Washington.

Selma M. Schmidt. 1216-26th Str.

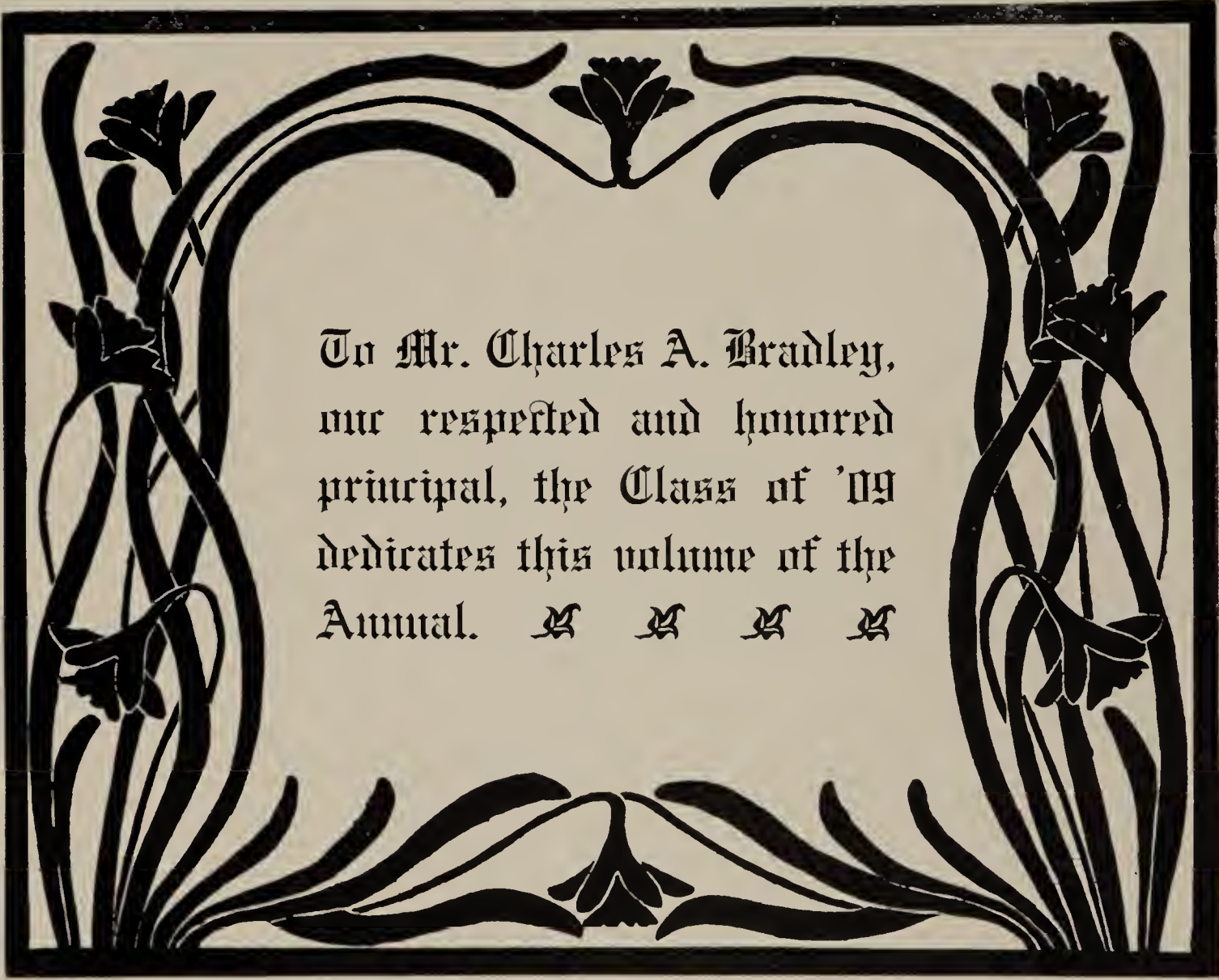
Teresa McFlone.

MANHAT ANNUAL.

1909.

It is not without a certain degree of trepidation that we place this volume of the Annual in the hands of our trusting readers. We acknowledge its many faults, and sincerely hope that you will blame them rather to great inexperience than to total incapability. Were we to put out another Annual we would in all probability do differently; and in this knowledge we trust you will kindly overlook our shortcomings in this, our virgin attempt.

Published by the Senior Class.

A decorative border in a black and white Art Nouveau style. It features a central rectangular frame with rounded corners. Inside the frame, there are stylized floral motifs at the top and bottom centers. The sides of the frame are adorned with vertical, flowing lines that resemble stems or vines, interspersed with small, stylized flowers. The entire design is enclosed within a simple black rectangular border.

To Mr. Charles A. Bradley,
our respected and honored
principal, the Class of '09
dedicates this volume of the
Annual. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



—Photo by Barney.





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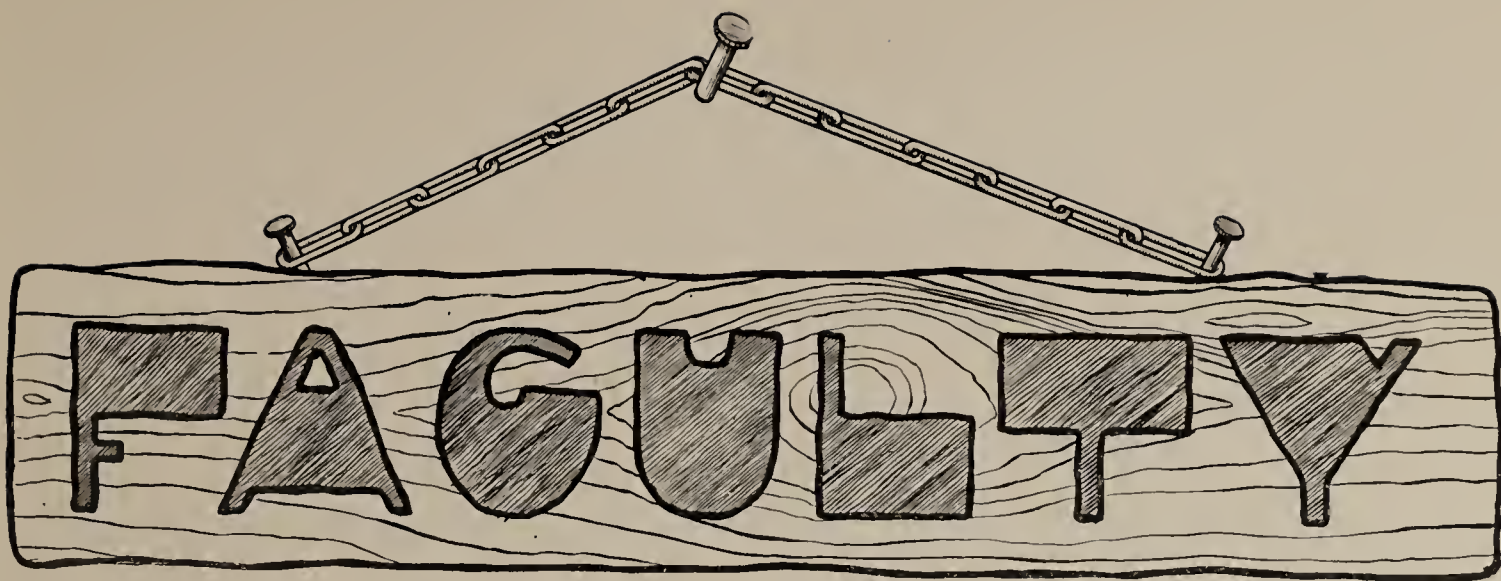
Advertising Manager

Fred Helton,

Junior Representative







SMITH

Faculty, 1908-1909.

BRADLEY, CHARLES A.—Principal; United States Military Academy.

ATKINS, HELEN, B. A.—Wellesley College; Mathematics.

IRENE M. BARRY—University of Chicago; Sewing.

BATIONE, BENECIA—Spanish.

BORST, CHARLES R., B. A.—University of Colorado; Mechanical Drawing.

BORST, WILLIAM C., B. S.—University of Michigan, M. A. University of Denver; Mechanical Drawing and Mathematics.

FOSTER, F. A.—Colorado School of Mines; Mechanical Drawing and Printing.

HENDERSON, JOHN R.—Cooper Institute; Carving.

HENRY, ELLA—Mary Hemenway School of Household Arts; Domestic Science.

HILLIER, EDDAH, B. A.—Vassar College, De La Grandara, Paris; Freehand Drawing.

KELLY, WALTER D., B. A.—Northwestern University; English and History.

KEPNER, HARRY V., M. A.—Ohio Wesleyan University; Chemistry and Algebra.

KIRBY, C. VALENTINE—Union College, Art Students' League, New York; Clay Modeling and Designing.

LEIGH, ROBERTA HAMILTON, B. A.—Drake University, University of Chicago; English.

MAHIN, WILLIAM, B. Sc.—De Pauw University; Physics.

MOHR, WILHELMINA, M. A.—University of Denver; German.

ORTON, CARRIE ELIZABETH, B. Ph., M. A.—University of Colorado; English.

PARCE, JOSEPH Y., B. S.—Boston School of Technology; Machine Shop Work, Electricity and Mechanism.

PARSONS, RALPH A.—Purdue University; Pattern Shop Work and Foundry.

PECK, MARY HOLMES—Pratt Institute; Domestic Art.

PERRY, HELEN—Chicago Art School; Clay Modeling and Designing.

PETTIT, LAURA H., B. A.—Drake University of Chicago; English.

PRICE, ETHELYN M., B. A.—Wellesley College; English and Latin.

RHODES, WELLINGTON P., B. A.—University of Nebraska, M. A. University of Denver; History.

RICE, MARY V., B. A.—University of Michigan; History.

SHUTE, WILLIAM C., B. A.—Worcester Polytechnical Institute; Forge Shop Work.

STEELE, JAMES, M. E.—Colorado School of Mines; Joinery.

STEINHAUER, BERTHA—Special Course in Chicago; Domestic Art.

STINSON, SARAH—Salem Academy; Girls' Carving and Designing.

SWAN, D. SHELTON, B. A.—University of Denver; Mathematics.

TEAGUE, GERTRUDE, B. A.—University of Colorado; English.

TENNEY, IDA, B. A.—University of Michigan, M. A. University of Denver; Latin.

TRIPLETT, WILLIAM, B. A.—University of Colorado; Mathematics.

WARNECKE, MARIE—Special Work in Switzerland and Germany; German.

WARNER, ELLA, B. A.—Colorado College; English.

WARR, VINA L.—Wellesley College; English and Algebra.

WHITE, ISABELLA D., B. R.—Boston University; Languages.

WINTON, MARY H.—Watkins Academy, Watkins, N. Y., Secretary.

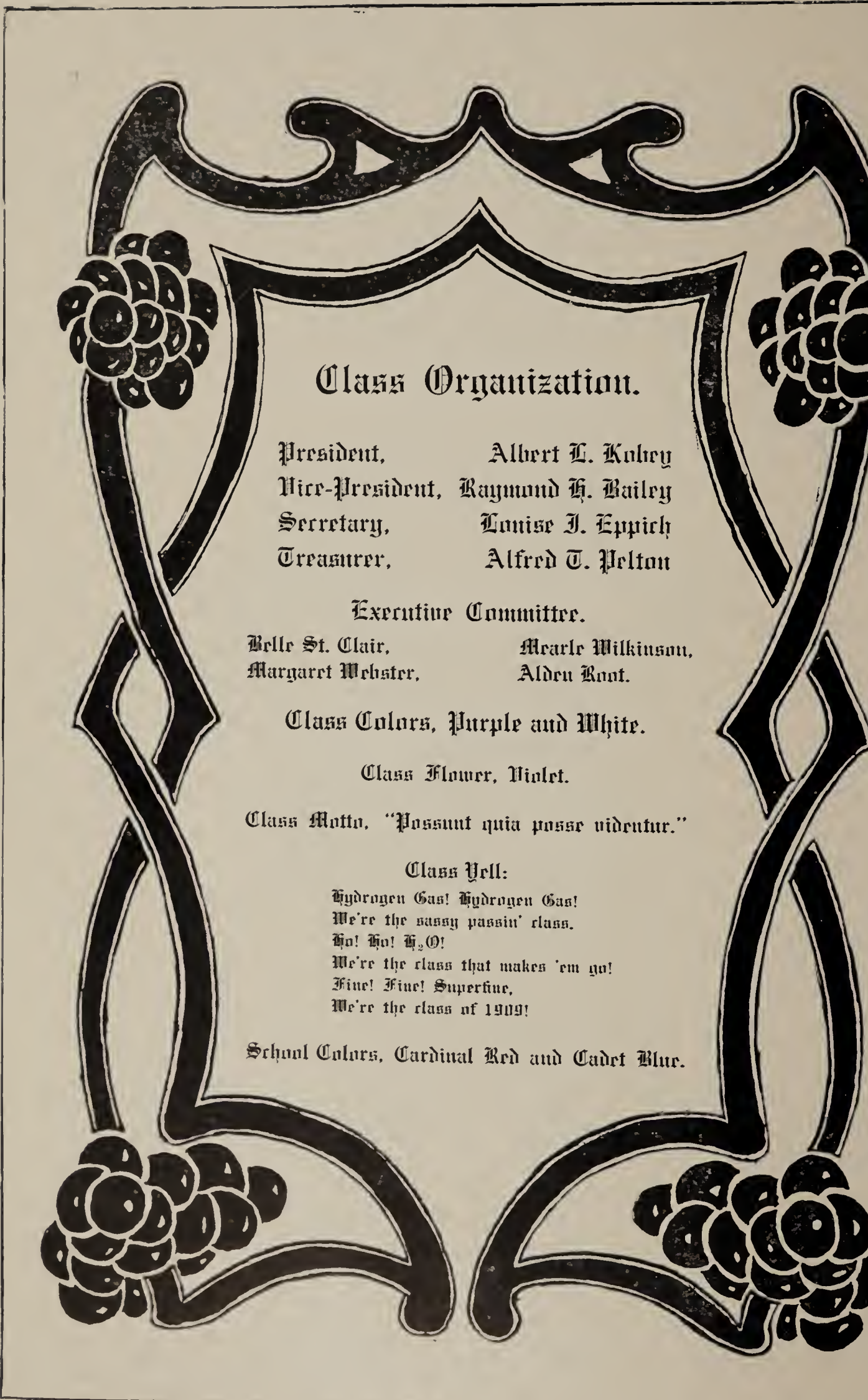
ZEILMAN, CLYDE W., B. A.—Buena Vista College; Commercial Branches.



SENIORS



— THE —
— COMPOSITE —
— SENIOR —



Class Organization.

President, Albert L. Koberg
Vice-President, Raymond H. Bailey
Secretary, Louise J. Eppich
Treasurer, Alfred T. Pelton

Executive Committee.

Belle St. Clair, Marle Wilkinson,
Margaret Webster, Alden Root.

Class Colors, Purple and White.

Class Flower, Violet.

Class Motto, "Possunt quia posse videntur."

Class Yell:

Hydrogen Gas! Hydrogen Gas!
We're the sassy passin' class.
Ho! Ho! H₂O!
We're the class that makes 'em go!
Fine! Fine! Superfine,
We're the class of 1909!

School Colors, Cardinal Red and Cadet Blue.



ESTELLE MARIE KYLE—

“Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.”

JOHN MILTON CLAUSER—

“Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.”

NELL EVANGELINE EVANS—

“Air and manner are more expressive than words.”

EDWARD ALBERT PRATHER—

“To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequalled to my vast desires.”

ISABELLA FERGUSON—

“Her eyes are homes of silent thought.”



EDNA FAY PATTERSON—

“Gentle of speech; beneficent of mind.”

WARNER DUNN BAILEY—

“In short he was a perfect cavalier.”

REGINA FANNIE HABERL—

“Flee and she’ll follow; follow and she’ll flee.”

ERNEST RUDOLPH WALTER—

“On their own merits honest men are dumb.”

FLORENCE KENDALL—

“In her tongue was the law of kindness.”



RAY CHESTER HUMPHREY—

“Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman’s fair?”



MARY EMMA SCHOECH—

“She hath a way to chase despair
To heal all grief and cure all care.”



ALBERT LEOPOLD KOBAY—

“For he was great e’er fortune made
him so.”



IDA MAY ULSHOFFER—

“Mischief, thou art afoot.”



ROSCOE KENNETH STOCKTON—

“Ten thousand great ideas fill his
mind.”



ADA BURNHAM TUCKER—

"So buxom, blithe and debonair."

RAYMOND HOWARD BAILEY—

"How cheerfully he seems to grin."

ELLEN ELIZABETH GERNON—

"Silence is the gratitude of true affection."

MEARLE WILLIAM WILKINSON—

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

BELLE ST. CLAIR—

"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."



RALPH EDMUND JONES—

“He had rather lose his dinner than
his jest.”

HELEN ANNA BURNHAM—

“Joy rises in me like a summer morn.”

JOHN LOUIS BRICKETT WHITE—

“An eye like Mars, to threaten and
command.”

CARRIE PERSONETTE—

“Thy soul was like a star and dwelt
apart.”

PORTER HISCOCK BRACE—

“For every why he had a wherefore.”



ELLA MAY WALKER—

“A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

ALFRED THEODORE PELTON—

“My idea of an agreeable person is a person who agrees with me.”

BESSIE HAZEL HELEN JACOBS—

“Her voice was very soft, gentle and low.”

IVOR OTTO WINGREN—

“I know thee for a man of many thoughts.”

MARY RUTH ELIZABETH CRABBE—

“Her hair was a golden net wherein to ensnare the hearts of men.”



LOUISE JOY EPPICH—

“She hath a way to sing, so clear,
Phoebus might, wandering, stop to
hear.”

RALPH WALDO SMITH—

“Youth is wholly experimental.”

ALMA CHRISTINA ANDERSON—

“Chaste as the icicle
That’s curded by the frost from
purest snow.”

JESSE EUGENE HOLT—

“I never saw so young a body with so
old a head.”

ROBERTA ELIZABETH PETTIT—

“And like a passing thought she fled
in light way.”



MYRLE STOETZEL—

“Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.”

IRVING HOLMES PARKS—

“O, happy years, once more who would not be a boy?”

MAVEA ALLEN—

“True as the echo to the sound.”

RALPH SPERRY HOBSON—

“And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.”

ETHEL HAZEL HEAD—

“Does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame.”



MARY CATHERINE DE LA VERGNE—

“Ever charming, ever new.”

SHELDON PAUL PURDY—

“He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.”

ISABELLA THEODOSIA STAUB—

“The mildest manners and the gentlest
heart.”

KENNETH ZEAGLER—

“Though wind blew Great Guns, he’d
whistle and sing.”

MARGUERITE GRACE JEFFERAY—

“As merry as the day is long.”



EVELYN ALICE STACKHOUSE—

"The innocent are gay."

ETHAN ERNEST WEPF—

"Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm
his mind,
As little touched as any man's with
bad."

BESSIE LOUISE SHERRICK—

"I have never found the companion
that was so companionable as soli-
tude."

JOHN ALDEN ROOT--

"Much mirth and no madness;
All good and no badness."

NANNIE LAURINE HAMMOND—

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow.'



HALSEY VONDERLEITH WELLES—

“There are few such swains as he.”

MARTHA ANNA WILKINSON—

“Of manners gentle, of affections
mild.”

RAYMOND USTICK WILLIAMS—

“A man of letters, and of manners,
too.”

ETHEL MAY POLAND—

“Speak thy purpose out;
I love not mystery or doubt.”

KATHERINE GOODRICH TRUE—

“If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.”



RUTH SCHLENZ AMES—

"You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas
made of Atalanta's heels."

ERNEST JOHN GLEIM—

"Men of few words are the best men."

CHARLOTTE COLE GOODING—

"A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer day."

BENJAMIN DANIEL ROSENZWEIG—

"This young man expresses himself
In terms too deep for me."

MARGARET MARY SHARLAND—

"He saw her charming, but he saw not
half
The charms her downcast modesty
concealed."



MADELEINE LILLIAN EVERETT—

“Her fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along.”

HARRY SNELL—

“And oh, he had that merry glance
That seldom lady’s heart resists.”

HELEN LEIGH SPALDING—

“Queen rose of the rosebud garden
of girls.”

JAMES STEWART—

“On his unembarrassed brow, Nature
hath written ‘gentleman.’ ”

MARGARET WEBSTER—

“A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle and waylay.”



HELEN STANTON WOLCOTT—

“She is as good as she is fair.”

HAROLD DEWITT SAMMIS—

“Little—but, Oh! my.”

ELLA HAZEL ROTH BENESCH—

“Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
spake again.”

HERBERT RADFORD HAMMOND—

“An honest man’s the noblest work
of God.”

MYRTLE OSBORNE—

“There is no wisdom like frankness.”

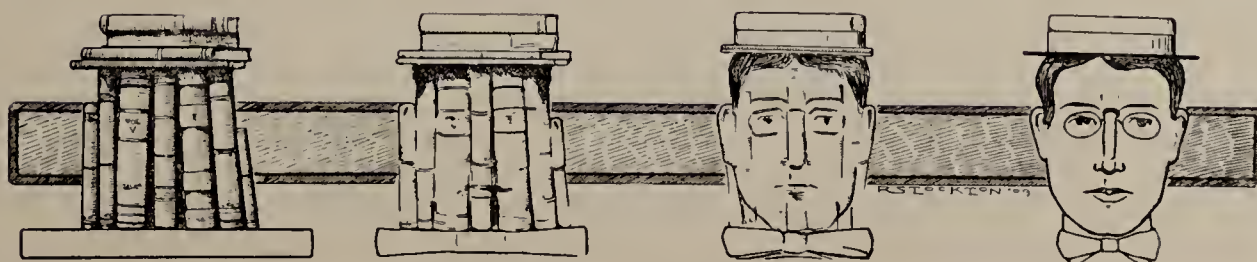


EDWIN ALGER SCOTT—

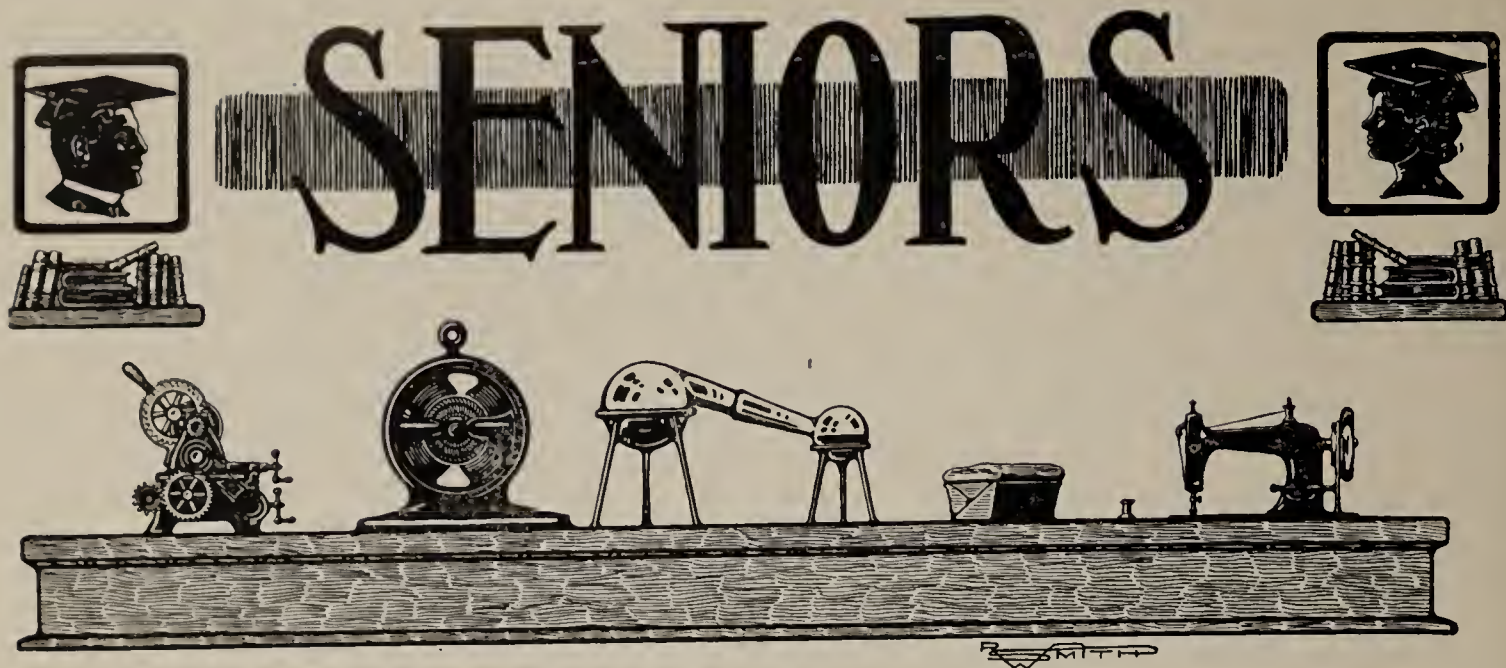
“The best of men have ever loved repose.”

EMIL LEONARD MOBERG—

“His heart was one of those that most enamour us.”



Evolution of a Senior.



Rubaiyat of the Class of 1909.

"As under cover of departing day,
Slunk I, fever-stricken senior away,
Once more within the modeling shop,
alone
I stood, surrounded by the shapes of clay."

"Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and
small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were; and
some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all."

Said one among them: "For four long years, we have sat upon this shelf in dust and forgetfulness." Then said a second: "Our Potters then were little freshmen, crude, ungainly and afraid. And now ageing with our age they are intelligent masters of all trade, called 'Seniors,' are they not? I remember well, when I was made, a lass and laddie close subdued discussion held, as pushing, poking, smoothing they moulded me. Quoth she: 'One really finds most wondrous things with which to cram and stuff one's weary head.' And he: 'Tis strange what one does think and ponder on, while yet so young. I wonder how 'twill seem to be above them all. Well, now, they have that seat above them. I wonder how't does seem to them.'"

After a momentary silence spake some vessel of a more ungainly make: "As gleeful, unconcerned Sophomores, what a different aspect they did have toward all the world. Do not all here recall how they did strut and sniff the air, when they had

cause to pass our door? They, Sophomores, thought they fairly owned the earth and they were lords and masters of it all. Right naughty pranks they used to play. 'Twas whispered long ago that often they did have goodly banquets of pie and cake and ice cream cones, when that sage monarch of the carving room had gone a-visiting. They even grew so bold as to 'dorn the hall with '09 banners, flags and such. Why, this was monstrous rude of them and proves how reckless youth will be. But then, poor fools, they knew not what they did."

Then up spake a stalwart pot of grace and beauty meet: "Well, well, God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. I grant that they knew naught of what they did. Methinks they might recover by and by. But what a 'lustrous class they did grow into. Who here does not remember that joyous day when they, Juniors, did organize themselves? What wrangling did ensue when they did strive to choose their colors. If memory be not much wrong, 'twas royal blue and white they chose, and me heard 'twas that, because the town was fairly draped. 'Twould seem the Elks were here that year."

"Why," said another, "they were quite gay. The Seniors lured them to their goal and they did strive most nobly. Did not four genius members of this class win just applause as masters of the Morey Show? Then, too, some roguish rascal bedecked our Plaster Paris Brother Mercury, in robes befitting none but Junior men. Dost remember how riled was all

the Faculty? And then 'twas said: "Two graceless maids were ruthlessly disengaged from—what is it called—shooting the balustrades?" And yet again a maid and youth were daintily plucked from t'other of yon window-sills. Wherefore was all this? Surely they were a marvelous class."

Whereat someone of the loquacious lot, I think a glazed lion, waxing hot, said: "I care not what they were and are. Were we not more than common clay, digged from the earth and laid away, to be taken from that place of rest, to be pushed and moulded, refined and trimmed. But mostly here—are we not the luckless Pots they marred in making? Pish! How they?"

"Gently brother, gently pray! Thou speakest all too true, thou ragged piece of clay. They too, most worthy Seniors, are in the hands of potters, as many and as varied as were we. They once Freshmen, Sophomores I did watch in glee—so new, so fresh and green were they. But prithee, I did gaze in wonder at their potter's work, when they did dub them Juniors, so stately, good, and oh, so pleasing. Yet methought that I would split my sides a-laughing, they were so self-satisfied and—empty. 'Twas rumored they were then a class, a class of themselves to be sure. They had a—a president. The lad, who shaped yon wiggly vase, the one that leans quite all awry."

"You sneer at me for leaning all awry. What, did the hand then of the Potter shake?"

"Faith! A president's hand should never shake at all, but it did shake when moulding thee of clay. Well, and little

pins they proudly wore as they did dance and sing and flunk some more. Mayhap, within those Potter's hands they something fine will make. All this of Pot and Potter. Tell me then, who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

A Sufi pipkin, quaint and small, this motly throng addressed: "My Potter, she hath prospered well! A student rare, a classmate true, and top of top a secretary firm, judicious and most supremely fair. Now, what has our great captain here to say? Surely thou, as Senior President's Pot, hath something which thy all-obiterated tongue can say."

"All this I have to say: We Pots; they Potters! They Pots with Potters. There is now a day of judgment near at hand. How sayest thou?"

Said one among them:

"Surely not in vain

My substance of the common earth was taken

And to this figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless earth again."

Then said a second:

"Ne'er a peevish boy

Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy.

And he that with his hand the vessel made
Will surely not in afterwrath destroy."

We luckless Pots, though we may have been marred in the making, have the same trust. I know that you, moulders of the class of 1909, understanding the perfect and the imperfect in the pots of life, will see the growing work and catch a glimpse of the vessels we aspire to be.

Katherine G. True.



Class Prophecy.

Should you ask me why I'm reading,
Why I'm telling you these secrets,
Why I stand here in your presence,
And am opening up the future;
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the Manual Training High School,
From the Senior class of that school
I received these orders pressing,
Which I thought I should comply with,
And should come and to my classmates
Tell their prophecies and show them
What they shall do in the future,
What their occupations shall be.

Should you ask where I received them,
Where I found these wondrous stories;
I should answer, I should tell you,
That a little robin told me,
I repeat them as I heard them.

You shall hear how Albert Kobey,
Ernest Gleim and "Toodles" Hobson,
Win distinction with their muskets,
Fight with valor for their country.

And upon our list of heroes
Is the mighty Sheldon Purdy;
He 'tis true shall win great honors
With his pen and with his writings.

Then you all know Helen Spalding,
She who played for our Cantata,
(At her feet did sit a drummer)
By us all it is predicted,
Happy they shall be forever.

Albert Prather, he the learned,
Shall compound a dictionary,
Which shall have so many long words,
No one save himself can read them.

Alfred Pelton, our musician,
Shall with Fay, the wide-world travel,
Winning fame and reputation
With their lovely music making;
Everywhere shall ladies feed them
With the best fudge of their making.

Ethel Head and Ellen Gernon
With the mutinous Isabella,
Shall be sent to Canon City
Charged with planning and conspiring
The foul death of Mr. Kepner,
At a luncheon in his honor.

And in old New York there shall be
Built a great and mighty greenhouse
Limited to raising violets.

Alex and Estelle are keepers,
Happy shall they be the day long,
For expenses shall be cheaper
When the violets are handy.

Mavea Allen shall in future
Hold her curiosity no longer,
And into the secret chamber
'Gainst the warnings of her family
Take herself against their warnings
Whence she shall come forth no more.

Raymond Williams, while at college,
Shall at last learn more of English,
And shall write to his dear teacher
Such a letter as I'll now read.
"Dear Mrs. Leigh:
I'm writing to thee
To tell you what happens down here at
C. C.

John Clauser's a fright;
Studies "solid" all night,
And since I'm his roommate, it's hard not
to fight.

Ray Bailey, so fine,
Is right here in line
And has done simply great work playing
on the 'nine.'

Two classmates, with tears,
Bade goodbye to the seers,
For they got through this college in only
three years.

They were Alma and Belle;
It delights me to tell
At the head of a young woman's college is
Belle.

You know Katherine True,
She's a girl that's true blue;
The men who have hopes to get her are
but few.

Many sighs have I sighed,
Many tears have I cried,
It's no use, she won't have me, I know, for
I've tried.

But now I will close
For fear you will doze
And think what a bore are these love-sick
old beaux."

Roscoe Stockton is to be a
Poet, actor, author, artist,

Singer, editor and writer;
Chief attraction in a side-show,
Where he's "Bosco, the snake-eater."
And he'll be a politician,
And a chemist, and a teacher,
Query: Is his brain a vacuum?
While at home his patient Mary
Once in three months shall she see him.

There will be at this same side-show
A most graceful tight-rope walker—
Raymond Humphrey, there with bells on.

In this show will be a monkey,
The mischievous Harold Sammis;
Holmes 'twill be who'll test the peanuts
Which the crowd shall often feed him.

Leonard Moberg shall be barker,
And shall lure the timid into
The big tent to see the wonders,
With a solemn voice and manner.

And the famous hornpipe dancer,
Johnny White, who's known the world o'er
For his advertising genius,
Shall be there the "Big Attraction."

After he has quit the circus
And has settled down to business,
He shall take for his beloved one
Myrle Stoetzel, who, you all know,
First gave John the love for dancing.

Jimmie Stewart loves the maidens;
Therefore he shall go to Salt Lake
And become a righteous Mormon.

Myrtle Osborne shall go with him
For his name has great attractions
As she says, "She always liked Jim."

I shall tell you how Regina
Shall lose her bet to Helen Burnham
And shall soon with Ernie Walters
Join her hand in happy wedlock.
Ernie'll be a second Kepner
And with H₂S will tamper.
He shall give the maidens money
Wherewith they shall buy sweet chocolates
To beguile the hours they study.

Ella Benesch shall establish
In the city of Chicago
Dancing schools in all the suburbs.
Two, the Margarets shall manage;
Margaret Sharland and Miss Webster,
Margaret Webster shall be noted
On account of her flirtations
With the gentlemanly scholars.
This the act she learned at parties
While a Senior still at Manual.

Ella two fine helpers shall have,
They to keep the floors in order
And to help in decorating
Harry Snell and Herbert Hammond.

Now before the public's notice
Shall be "Woman's Suffrage Boosters,"
Bessie Sherrick shall be leader,
Isabella shall be helper;
Also Annie, also Bertha.

And the smiling Kenneth Zeagler
Shall a mighty railroad manage,
And shall ride in his own Pullman.
Alden shall his Chinese cook be;
He shall cook his muffins for him
And his pancakes shall be gorgeous;
They shall be of that green color
Ties and caps are sometimes made of.
He shall always call Ken early,
And while waiting for a summons,
Rob the pantry of quince jelly.

Phoebe White shall be an old maid
Are there any who'd have thought it?

Helen Burnham and her friend Ruth
Will in future, as at present,
Love and be loved by the chappies,
'Specially Freshmen, auburn-haired ones.
Helen shall be fond of birds and
Soon, no doubt, will start to cage them.

Now to turn to things surprising
And to those most unexpected,
All the tongues will be set wagging
And society astounded,
Cupid's pride be sorely wounded
When Ruth Crabbe elopes with Halsey.

Dan and Porter shall make money
By the means of brilliant knowledge
Along lines of telegraphing,
Electricity, the wireless,
And shall be known very widely
For their wonderful inventions.

Mary Schoech and her dear Carrie
Shall forever be as happy
As they are now when together.

Louise, we know, will study music
'Till she's known the wide world over
As the greatest prima donna.
Here's a song she will have written,
Dedicated to her Warner,
Who'll accompany her singing:
"If I only had a husband,
If only I had a beau,
I would surely be contented, like the other
 maids I know.
But once I said I'd never wed,

So its hopeless, don't you see?
If I only had a husband, how happy I
should be."

Marguerite Jefferay in the future
Is to be a cooking teacher,
And shall decorate with footballs
All the luncheons in her schoolroom.

Edwin Scott shall be a farmer;
He shall raise in one great garden
Onions, spinach and potatoes.

May Ulshoffer shall be married
And forever be most happy.

When in nineteen twenty-seven
Mr. Borst shall leave dear Manual,
Leslie Brown his place shall honor
Teaching Algebra to Freshmen.
After various engagements
He shall finally decide on
Margaret Moberly, the teacher
Of the various curves and angles
Which Miss Perry now does manage.

Mr. Jones shall be an artist
But shall live in wretched garrets,
For his drawings shall so small be
(Owing to his chosen subject,
For he'll draw naught else but atoms)
That they shall not bring much money
To defray his large expenses.

"Bobby" Pettit shall be noted
For her excellent housekeeping,
And the way she bakes her cookies
For her husband, the great prophet,
"Haman" Smith, the tenor singer.

Ella Walker shall a coach be
Of the famous basketball team
Of the well known Vassar college.
Miss Laurine shall be there with her,
For she cannot leave her Ella.

What about Miss Florence Kendall?
I shall speak thus of her future;
A beneficent old lady
Spending her precious moments
Writing Virgil for the maidens
Who to her bring all their troubles.

All you people now take notice!
Never loan to Mearle Wilkie
That which you would like to
Have brought back to your possession,
For this trait he shall become a
Money-lender and pawnbroker.

Bessie Jacobs shall delight all
With her pies and with her pastry,
And a restaurant will preside o'er.

Evelyn Stackhouse shall be teacher
Of Psychology at Manual,
When Professor Zeilman leaves us,
And be liked by all male students.

Ethan Wepf won't marry Ada,
Though I might have fixed it that way.
But Miss Tucker has a hobby
That she does not want a hubby.
Ethan shall be disappointed
And compose sad, mournful sonnets
To the memory of Ada.

Ethel Poland shall go into
Partnership with Mr. Zeilman
And they'll start a little business
Printing "schudles" for the students.

Also from this class there shall be
One who'll hold a high position
Nickel-snatcher, transfer-puncher,
Jesse Holt shall be conductor
Of the car which runs to Manual.

Helen Wolcott shall good bread make,
For she shall a Miller's wife be.

Now I'll tell you Ivor Wingren
The hand organ shall perform on,
And accompanied by his loved one
The most graceful Spanish dancer
She with light fantastic dancing,
Sparkling eyes and snapping fingers,
Shall take pennies from the watchers.
Don't be shocked, 'tis Madeleine Everett
Gave up one art for another.

This, my people, is the finis
Of the tale the robin told me.

Charlotte Gooding.
Ralph W. Smith.

In this tale we find that Charlotte
Has forgot herself entirely,
Or cares not what may befall her,
Tho' she seems indeed to "prophet"
By the poor mistakes of others.
Let us tell then how the robin
Which did tell her of the others,
Came to us and spake of Charlotte,
Told us of her "budding" genius,
But proclaimed, "Lo, o'er the wicked—
They who prophesy for others—
They shall spend their days in hunting
For themselves some occupation
As they hunted those for others;
Doomed through life to doing nothing.
And so 'twill be with Ralph and Charlotte.

This, then, is the *finul* finis.
Of the tale the robin told us.

CLASS OF 1910

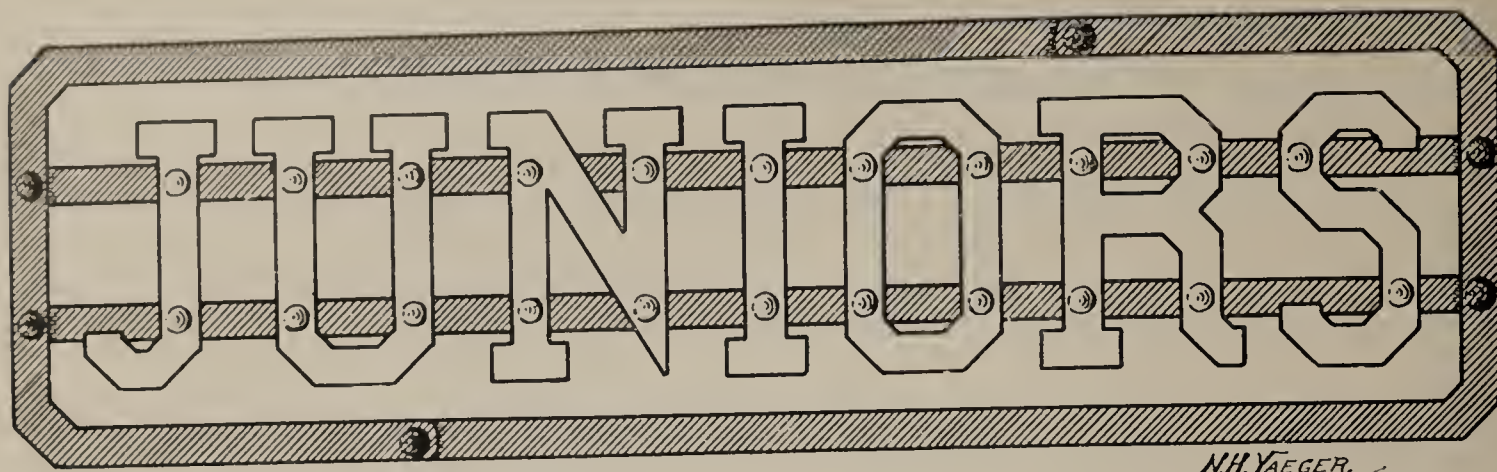
MANUAL TRAINING

HIGH SCHOOL



11th Spanish

11th Machine Shop



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Mediaeval and Modern History, (1906-1909.)

I. THE WARS OF 1910.

We have now reached a most important period in history, dealing with that illustrious class of 1910. It begins with the advent into Manual of that class and follows it through the first three years of the campaign. The wars fall naturally into three parts, though the first was largely a formative period.

FIRST WAR (1906-1907).

A great number of young recruits enlisted under the banner of 1910. They were speedily drilled and educated by the well-meaning but misguided class of 1909 and soon were in the campaign. Some severe skirmishing was indulged in, but nothing serious occurred until the battle of Free-hand No. 1, where the loss was severe. In the battle of English the soldiers were greatly tormented by a dry, hot wind which blew directly in their faces and came from a small town called "Literature." Many young warriors dropped asleep from sheer weariness and falling behind were captured by the enemy. The army invaded a land of unique scenery, the desert of Algebra. Here everything was X's and Y's, arranged in fantastic and

beautiful designs. Many were left behind, standing where two paths crossed forming an X, and murmuring "Y. Y. Y." As they remained there helpless they were devoured by the carnivorous animals that infest that region. Many minor engagements took place, one—Languages—resembling the American "Battle of the Wilderness," in that once having entered there was no retreat. After nine months' hard fighting, however, truce, was declared and the army went into summer quarters.

SECOND WAR (1907-1908).

When the army of 1910 came again to battle it was sadly decimated. A few prisoners of war, it is true, had worked their release and were welcome additions to the army, but a great number had either escaped to less arduous fields or were still prisoners. The army was undaunted, however, and valiantly attacked its old enemy Free-hand. The loss was severe for the wily general had so arranged the sun, that unless the soldiers half closed their eyes they were blinded and could see nothing but red. So many were taken prisoners. At Carving the enemy made a strong resistance. The soldiers were forced to

carve away the walls of this fortress with dull tools and potato mashers, being constantly annoyed by "Forms" and "Seventh hours" hurled from above. A sharp engagement was with History, a gray-haired, dusty brained old general, and another with Geometry, who formed his forces into lines and triangles and combinations that puzzled most of the 1910's. All through this campaign the loss was heavy, many falling in the fierce skirmishes that took place, but finally the poor, worn and wasted troops limped their way into summer rest, there to recuperate from their wounds.

THIRD WAR (1908-1909).

An unknown but strong general, Physics, opposed 1910 upon its third appearance in the field. He laid traps and misleading by-paths, disguised as fool questions, into which many unfortunates wandered and were left behind. Some of these escaped after much hard work, but their number was few and the loss was severe. The army divided now, the stronger contingent attacking Algebra and Geometry, who had joined forces for more strength. The others attacked the less vigorous of the enemy. Some pursued Spanish to avoid old English who was still in the field. All were finally overcome and peace was declared. The army, though crippled, was on the road to success when it went into summer quarters.

EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THIS PERIOD.

The movements of 1910 were harassed by the three sets of egotistical pessimists that prepared the path for them and the two companies of shallow pigmies that foraged at their heels seeking any overlooked sieges.

Outside foraging played an important part in the wars. Foot-ball, base-ball and all other companies were formed. These were principally directed toward East Denver and they made the school on Stout look slim. (Maybe.)

SUMMARY.

The class of 1910 played well its part and made its influence felt everywhere. No movement in the campaign is now without its Juniors. Many help in Senior campaigns, some condescend to assist the Sophomores and some large-hearted ones are helping the Freshmen over the teething period. But still these other bodies must keep their places.

This chapter, dealing with the evolution of the Junior and the ungracious exit of the Senior, can be closed with nothing more fit than the words of the poet:

"The Senior stood on the topmost rung
With a sadly swollen head;
The Junior shoved him off anon
And stepped up in his stead."
Amen.

Wm. Raukohl.

The Blithesome Junior.

It is a blithesome Junior,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy saucy air and wicked eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"Old Manual's doors right soon will close,
And I must get me in;
The students are met, the lessons are set,
May'st hear the school bell's din."

He holds him with his brawny paw,
"There was a class," quoth he,
"Hold off, unhand me, truant loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his twinkling eye,
The freshie poor stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Junior has his will.

The freshman meek sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spoke on that noble lad,
That brilliant minded seer.

"Loudly we cheered, the eighth grade
cleared,
And merrily hied we then,
Over to Manual Training High,
As the class of nineteen ten.

"Better and better we grew each day,
We studied our lessons well——"
The frightened fresh here beat his breast,
-For he heard the tardy bell.

Miss Warr hath paced into the hall,
Alert for some absentee;
Nodding her head in anger great,
And suspicion of truancy.

The frightened fresh, he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear,
And thus spoke on that noble lad,
That brilliant-minded seer.

"And now a withering blight did come,
'Twas tyrannous and strong,
It struck us in our innocence
And to trouble drove along.

"With hideous grin, and savage brow,
The Soph dealt us his vengeful blow,
And made himself the freshies' foe.
And planned it in his wondrous head
That when we turned from trouble,
To trouble then we fled.

"And now there came both trouble and
pain,
Our feet grew wondrous cold;
When freehand came into our lives,
We saw that we'd been sold.

"And through the rifts in darksome clouds,
Through half-closed eyes was seen
The shapes of men and beasts and things
Hanging on a screen.

"There was trouble here, and trouble there,
And trouble all around;
And though we growled and roared and
howled,
We had to draw them down.

"But fun we had, we ne'er had had,
As 'round the mallets flew;
And wood did split with thunder-fit,
As carving we galloped through.

"And trouble now had dropt behind,
And joy and fun did follow,
And every day fun and play,
Came to our classmen's hallo!

"English, Algebra and Latin,
We scampered through them great;
And then before we knew it, came
The changes for 'naught eight.'

SOPHOMORE.

"The sun now rose upon our lives,
Great seemed our future then;
Still hid in mist, and yet discerned,
Within my marvelous ken.

"And then we did those awful things
To work the freshmen woe.

We schemed and planned, and cleverly
Dealt many a telling blow.

"All in hot and bloody flame,
The forge fires then uprist,
And loafed we there full many an hour
Among the smoky mist.

"Down dropt our vim, our marks dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did work only to make
Up that awful 'D.'

"Onto the reeking football field,
Two warriors bold we sent;
And a baseball player, also,
To our school we kindly lent.

"Day after day, day after day,
Then worked we, labored, sweated,
Month after month, month after month,
Our cards with 'As' were fretted.

"Knowledge, knowledge, everywhere,
And nothing else to study;
The Sophomore bucket hence we kicked,
And were Juniors yet already.

JUNIOR.

"At first it seemed but little joy,
And then the class was formed,
And to the work of having fun
Every man was warmed.

"Knowles, the hero of the grid,
We chose for President,
And all our noble little thoughts
To our class' welfare bent.

"There passed a merry time. We had
Of athletes full a score,
Or if you care to bother,
You could add a dozen more.

"The en-tire school was set aflame;
Now the year is well nigh done!
Each day, higher in the sky
Rises the Junior sun.

"Soon from Junior land we'll fly,
Fly to bliss, not woe;
To the pennant then of nineteen ten
Soon we'll add a di-plom-o."

Carolyn St. Clair.





CLASS OF 1911

MISS JUNIOR

— Roy Winters '00 —

SOPHOMORE



A History of the Class of '11.

In the year 1907, the September month thereof, there entered the door of Manual a class gifted with unusual capabilities. Wonder and amazement filled the minds of the faculty, for it was the coming of a new people. Henceforth for four eventful years Manual is destined to a grand epoch, the only one of its kind known in her history.

This new people, calm and reserved, embark on their first career, known the world over as Freshmanism. It is but to labor and to suffer in the hands of the unmerciful that they are permitted to advance. Ingeniously constructed ordeals there are many which stand impregnable to their destructive powers. They listen in rapture to the legends of ancient history, as related by him whose wisdom shines as the head from which it emanates, but sink into the depths of bitter silence when commanded to give them anew. They sip from the cup of Freehand, but choke in their efforts to swallow it.

Then a bright morning witnesses the greeting with paper and the request (?) to write thereon a series of answers to the cunningly devised questions which will determine their fate. But this new generation is profound in its knowledge at this opportune time, and emerges from the battle in honors which startle the school.

Now Manual is proud of her distinguished sons and daughters and clothes

them in newer and more stately suits of Sophomores. It is a turning point in the lives of the illustrious '11ers and their goal is hidden by the direful apparitions no longer. They are welcomed with new obstacles but their constant eagerness gives them renewed vigor and higher determination. They endeavor to scale the hitherto inaccessible cliff, known as Geometry, and are successful. Prudently they utilize many strange principles, and by basing their arguments upon its antique foundations, are capable of approaching wonderful limits, for by decreasing an angle in value they can make it equal to zero. Although parallel lines are everywhere equidistant apart, they can make them intersect at any desired point, and can prove that two similar circles whose radii are each equal to a given line, are synonymous. They venture to dabble in the fundamental laws of English in its advanced stages, and out of gratitude proclaim that it is a study worthy of its teaching.

Silently there dawns upon Manual an observation that another summer's vacation is at hand, and slowly the class of '11 pass out. A great high school product is to be realized in the development of that singular class, and the strength with which it is building its foundation is sure to uphold a heavy impression which is bound to be made and ever remembered.



— SOPHOMORE CLASS —

FRESHMEN



"His Debut."

W.D.S.



— FRESHMEN CLASS —



Freshman Class History.

In the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, there came to a country, called Manual, a large body of immigrants named Freshmen. They came from all parts of the globe which were known as grade schools. There were so many of these people that an island had to be set off for some of them called Longfellow. But those who were first were permitted to remain on the mainland. As they came over they passed before that awful inspector, Mrs. Winton, where they were assigned to various states as rooms one, two, three and four, which were presided over by such illustrious governors as Miss Warnecke, Miss Atkins, Miss Tenney and Miss Warr. Now they were taught to become carpenters, designers and sculptors, and also to study as was never known before. But for those who were late or misbehaved, a special privilege was granted, known as the seventh hour.

Now those of our number who were so unfortunate as to be sent to the island got up a formidable company of militia. The

members of this military company became famous for their many deeds of valour and also for their beautiful appearance in knightly armor. These islanders distinguished themselves in various other ways and lived the strenuous life worthy of good citizens, so next year when they are promoted to the mainland they will be welcomed with open arms.

When this goodly body had been in this country for a few months certain other countries declared war against it. One of their number known as Wilson Kennedy was chosen to represent them in the war otherwise known as foot-ball. Everybody has heard how he distinguished himself thereby covering himself and his countrymen with glory. Finally at the end of a given time they received their pay which consisted of a great many marks in red and perhaps a few in black or blue. But they all cheerfully started to work again until they were no longer Freshman, but full-fledged citizens called Sophomores.

Harold Kepner.

LAMENT OF A FRESHMAN.

Alas! my exams are all over,
And alas, I did flunk.
High School's not honey and clover;
The teachers are punk.

The Soph'more I'll always remember
With a thought of disgust;
Perhaps I'll be back next September
To brush off the rust.



— LONGFELLOW FRESHMEN —

ALUMNI



With the Alumni.

When the first class graduated from Manual in 1896, the Alumni Association was organized with Mr. James H. Steele as president and Miss Grace Allen (Mrs. J. H. Steele), as secretary. Since then the association has been flourishing and gives a dance at Manual once a year just after Commencement. At these dances the new-fledged alumnus is given an opportunity of becoming a member of the society. This year the president is Frank Frewen, '06, and the secretary Elnora Koch, '07. The ball will be on Friday night, June 11.

At present Manual seems to be well represented at the School of Mines at Golden. As students there are Oliver Taggart, '05; V. Jones, '06; S. Hall; Emil Bruderlin, '06; Leon Banks, '07; W. Fullerton; Lawrence Keith, '06; H. Pelton; W. Peregrin; W. C. Huntington; Frank Harris, '08; Arnold Harris, '08; Denham Grier, '08; Stephen Keating, '08; Charles Bronstein, '08; Louis Neef, '08, and Armstead Carper, '08.

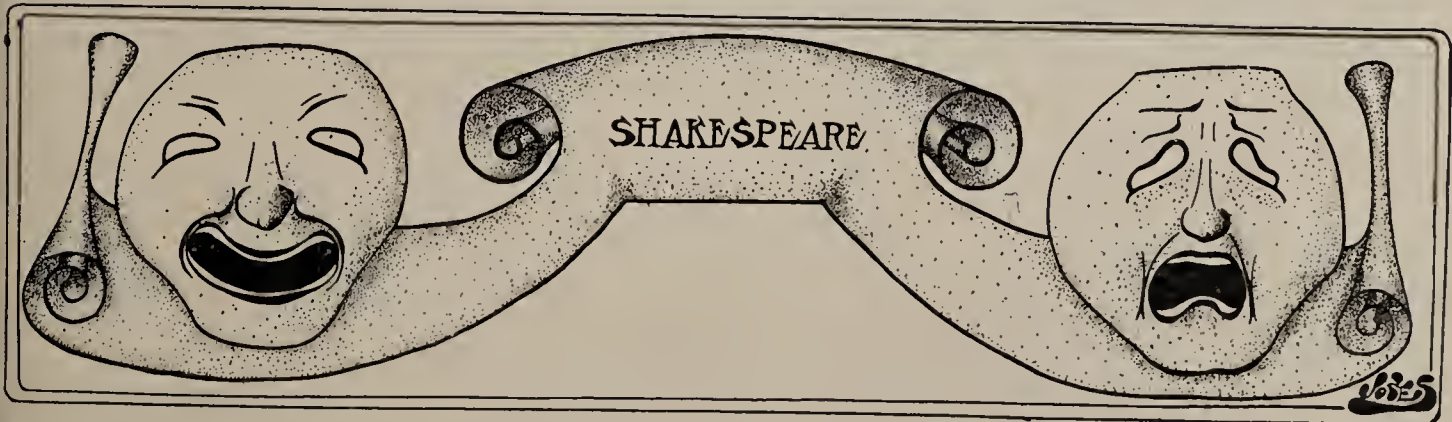
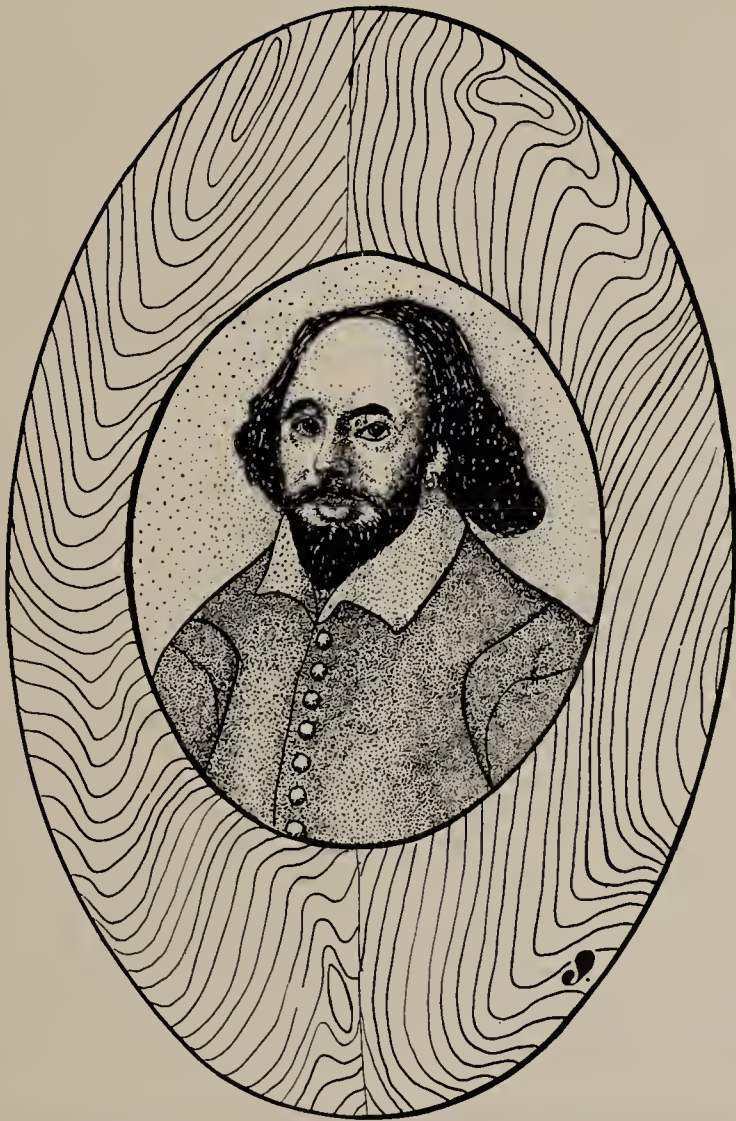
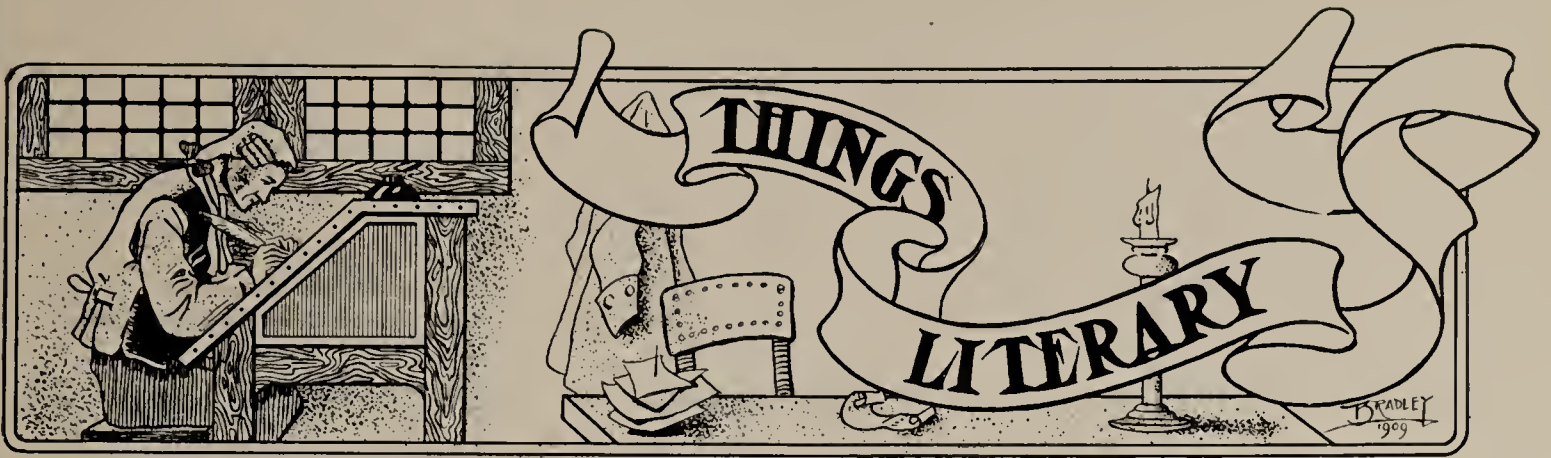
The '08 graduates at Boulder are Sam Carpenter, who is in the law department; Henry A. Doerner, a chemical engineer; Paul Mann and Cora Truman, in the Liberal Arts department; Marion Mason, Clarence Crisman, Glen Huntington, and Richard Abel, who are taking the engineering course.

Ethel Beardsley and Homer Peabody, both of '08, are at the Denver University. And of the same class at other schools are Donald Bent at the Boston School of Technology, Fritz Nagel and Greville Rickard at Cornell, Laura Stevick taking a post-graduate course at Miss Wolcott's, Ewing Stiffler at the State Normal School, and Morris Copeland at a school in California.

Maurice Kobey, '08, is in business representing a New York house in the Middle West, and Earl Bronsen, also '08, is manager of the Colorado Telephone Company at Saguache, Colo. Hazel Haines, of the '07 class, is teaching at Walsenberg; Ernest M. Fowler is teaching. Wilbur Carter, '07, is at Cornell.

While these have been thus variously employed, Cupid has not been idle among former Manual students. Miss Betsy Smith, '07, is engaged to Fred Van Suan, '04; Miss Janet Fullerton of '07 is now Mrs. Mark Bennett; Miss Hilda Benesch, '04, was very recently married to Henry Gardner of Texas; Miss Amy Friedman, '07, and Milton D. Guldman are engaged; also Miss Alma Maynard, ex '07, and Harry Grieves of '08; Miss Louise Newman, ex '05, is now Mrs. Fred Latcham, and Miss Kate Fullerton, '02, is Mrs. Fred Carstarphen. Mr. and Mrs. Harry King, nee Miss Myrtle Maynard, ex '08, have a baby boy.

IN MEMORIAM, CLARANCE SWALLOW, '08.
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Literary work should be placed on the same footing and receive almost as much time as an academic study. Literary talent is not uncommon in the average high school student, and lacks only development and practice in most cases. Few things are more valuable to one than the knowledge of parliamentary law, even in its simplest forms. To be able to face an audience and feel at ease is a rare accomplishment and is acquired only through frequent trials in some literary society.

It was for the development of such things as debating, reading and recitation, that the Franklin Literary Society was organized, ten years ago, and the work has not been in vain.

In spite of the late start of the contestants in the Stevens oratorical contest, and while our contestants did not carry off the highest honors between the two schools, they won first and second places among the Manual representatives. Ralph Hobson delivered an oration on "Abraham Lincoln," and Emil Rickel one upon "Benjamin Franklin."

The North Denver Debating Team and the Morey Literary Team engage with the Franklin each year in a spirited debate. On account of the late organization of the North Denver Debating Club the debate for the silver cup was dropped this year. The Inter-Society debate was carried on the latter part of April. The team for this

debate consisted of Albert Kobey, William Beckhart and Dan Rosenzweig, who debated the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, that system of postal saving banks should be established in the United States."

A great deal of literary training and talent has been displayed this year among the members who have taken part. The programs have been interesting, helpful and well prepared.

The annual open meeting will be held May 21st in the school auditorium, with the following program and play:

PART I.

Selection.....Mandolin Club
 Recitation.....Roscoe Stockton
 Tenor Solo.....Arthur Aldrich
 Piano Solo.....Madeleine Everett
 The Argus (society paper) ..Ella Benesch

PART II.

(Two-act comedy.)

"THE COOL COLLEGIANS."

Harry Meredith, Fred Parks, college chums. Ralph Hobson, Harvey Galbreath
 Mrs. Huntoon, Fred's aunt.....
Regina Haberl
 Fanny Morrison, Mrs. Huntoon's niece..
Ella Benesch
 Pat, Irish servant.....John White
 Marie, French maid.....Hazel Wallack

The Morey

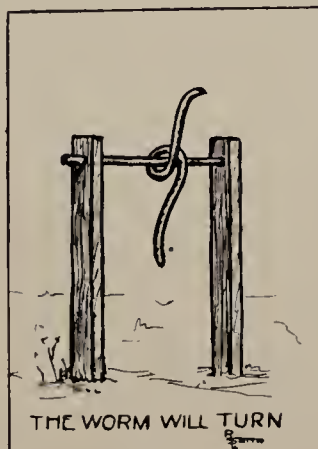
OFFICERS.

CARL KNOWLES*President*
 EDWARD KNOWLES*Vice-President*
 HELEN SPALDING*Secretary*
 JOHN J. FLACH, JR.*Treasurer*
 BELLE ST. CLAIR,
 JOHN J. FLACH,
 ELIZABETH EPPICH,
 RUTH SPALDING, } *Executive Committee*

The benefits that may accrue from a close and strict attention to one's duties as a member of a literary society are, it appears, not appreciated by a large majority of the students, and for that reason we can boast of but little progress this year. Some time remains between now and the end of the scholastic year, and if an honest effort were made much good would result. Perhaps it would be better, if, instead of different societies, one general society could be organized in which each and every member would take an active part.

It is undeniably true that public speaking, particularly debating, has a great part in molding one's future success. It not only inspires one with confidence, a qualification absolutely essential in the present day struggle, but it develops the mind to quickly grasp new situations and problems presented, to think quickly and to arrange thoughts and put them into words so that a logical conclusion may be reached. Unless one is capable of doing these things he will

fare badly when thrown into the whirlpool of intense competition which today permeates all classes of commercial and professional life. The literary societies are the only means we enjoy to fit ourselves in this particular line, and it is surprising that so few manifest a true interest in the work and we can attribute it to no other cause than a lack of appreciation. Many who hold a prominent position in their classes and would be a stimulus to a literary society seem to hold themselves aloof, when, if the matter were properly presented to them, they would no doubt appreciate the value of an effort of this kind and would gladly lend their assistance, thereby not only benefiting themselves, but also bestowing a favor on their fellow students. It is therefore to be earnestly hoped that we may see a revival in this line and that the end of the year will witness many, not only taking an active part, but striving to gain prominence as members of the literary society.



The Morey Prize.

In 1896 Mr. Chester S. Morey, who has always had a great interest in the welfare of the Manual Training High School, offered a prize to the girls of the school for proficiency in sight reading. The prize is offered to stimulate the appreciation and cultivation of intelligent, refined home reading, and thus the absence of oratorical and dramatic tendencies is desired. The contestants for the prize, twelve in number, are selected in a preliminary contest by their respective classes before the day of the reading. There are three judges of the contest, one chosen by Mr. Morey, one by the president of the school board, and another by the superintendent of the public schools. The prize given from year to year is a set of books of some standard author to cost not less than fifty dollars. The winner of the prize is at liberty to select the works of any author desired.

This year the interesting contest held on Friday, March 26th, in the auditorium of the school was won by Bernice A. Parsons, a representative of the eleventh grade.

Miss Parsons read with a clear quiet voice in a delightful manner which merited great praise. Indeed, all the contestants deserved much favorable comment.

The class of '12 was represented by Letitia Brace, Lucy Malins, and Winifred Chapman; the class of '11 by Ruth Winchell, Marjorie James, and Josephine Allen; the class of '10 by Bernice Parsons, Hazel Wallack, and Mary Frost; and the class of '09 by Florence Kendall, Regina Haberl, and Louise Eppich. The committee of award consisted of Mrs. W. H. Kistler, Mr. H. D. Ingersoll, and Mr. Joseph D. Batchelder.

The class of '09 has the honor and distinction of having twice won this prize. In the Freshman year, 1906, Roberta E. Pettit, a member of the '09 class, won the contest. It is unusual and especially meritorious for a ninth grade student to secure the prize. In 1908, Charlotte C. Gooding, another member of the '09 class, was the winner and thus added to the laurels of the class.

A Parody on "The Bridge."

How often, oh how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had hung o'er the Well at noonday,
Instead of eating my pie.

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the passing throng
On its way to the fragrant lunch room,
Had borne me too along.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care.
My pocket-book was empty,
The cupboard at home was bare.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the past
And I can eat my fill now,
For we've "struck it rich" at last.

Yet, whenever I pass beneath the Well
With my pennies, nickles and dimes,
A gaunt face there above me
Brings thoughts of other times.

Now I'm one of the long procession
Passing, passing to their meal,
But sometimes my thoughts will wander
To the way I used to feel.

Commencement Programme.

ORATION ROSCOE STOCKTON

ESSAY BELLE ST. CLAIR

ORATION SHELDON PURDY

ORIGINAL STORY.....RUTH AMES

ESSAY ALDEN ROOT

READING REGINA HABERL



Class Day Programme.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.....ALBERT L. KOBEY

CLASS HISTORY... KATHERINE G. TRUE

VOCAL SOLO.....LOUISE J. EPPICH

CLASS PROPHECY { CHARLOTTE C. GOODING
RALPH W. SMITH

ORATION RALPH S. HOBSON

READING HELEN A. BURNHAM

PIANO SOLO.....MADELEINE L. EVERETT

President's Address.

Friends—The Governor of Colorado named the third Friday in April as Arbor Day, thus giving to the class of '09 the opportunity of combining the celebration of Arbor and Class Day.

Four years ago we were looking forward to the time when we as Seniors should have the honor of observing Class Day. Since this occasion has arrived, we can now realize some of the benefits which we have derived from these four years of training.

One of the objects of a good education is to develop the powers of accuracy in observation, quickness and certainty in grasping the main points of a new subject, and discrimination in separating the trivial from the important in great masses of facts.

Manual training harmoniously strengthens all the powers of man—physical, mental and moral. Let us consider how this kind of training strengthens these powers and of the benefits we derive from their growth.

There is no doubt that a manual training education is beneficial to the body. We all know that the person who does some physical labor is far more healthy and better developed than the one who does only mental work.

Manual training stimulates a love for truth, simplicity and intellectual honesty. If we make a mortise and tenon joint and it is not true, if a device is not what it seems to be, it is a failure and every person learns to rate it as such. Simplicity is the greatest possible merit in a mechanical device. Everything must be direct and straightforward. A high appreciation of this quality in manual work cannot but tend towards a similar quality in conversation, culture, and character. Thus the moral nature is benefited by this technical training.

Nothing stimulates and quickens the intellect more than the use of mechanical

tools. The person who begins to construct is compelled at once to think, to deliberate, to reason and to conclude.

Man subdued nature and developed art through the use of tools. To turn a crank needs only muscular power. But to devise and build the light engine which under the direction of a single, intelligent, master-spirit shall bear the burden of a thousand men requires a high degree of intellectual and manual skill. So the mind is constantly being strengthened under a manual training course.

Manual training raises the standard of attainment in mechanical occupations and invests them with a new dignity. The crying demand today is for the intellectual combined with the technical. It is this, that the Manual Training School aims to supply. Its motto is: The cultivated mind, the skillful hand.

In regard to Arbor Day we shall first consider its origin. Arbor Day originated in the state of Nebraska. The early settlers were constantly in danger of the destructive winds which had a free path upon the barren plains. The only way these winds could be subdued was by the planting of trees. So the people of this state set aside a day for this purpose and called it Arbor Day.

The forests are of a further value in protecting our agricultural interests. They save the soil from being washed away. They prevent too rapid melting of snow and consequently floods, and they provide a steady stream flow for irrigation in the lowlands. Without forests on our hills and mountains there could be but little agriculture in Colorado.

When we consider the great necessity of forests in life, we cannot help thinking of the duty we owe to our government in its great task in preserving the forests. So let us all do all in our power to help nature in making her gift to mankind an everlasting one.

MR. K.



Little Brown Jug

Master
Trimmer



BUD

The
Party
Cut-up



MISS TEAHEY



VIRGINIA REEL

BARN DANCE



GARAGE HOP



condensed milk

Gyratory Effects
Obtained on the
Freshman Floor
Next Day.



Blood

SOLO BY MR. ALDRICH



PING PONG

DAN

Y.S

POLLY



ROSCOE
ORATION

R. SMITH
AND
N. TAUB

EL CLUB CASTELLANO

OFFICERS.

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 EDWARD KNOWLES.....*Vice President*
 HAZEL WALLACK*Secretary*
 LELA KITCHING.....*Treasurer*
 ZAMIE EMERSON.....*Sarg't at Arms*
 MISS BENECIA BATIONE..*Honorary Critic*

MEMBERS.

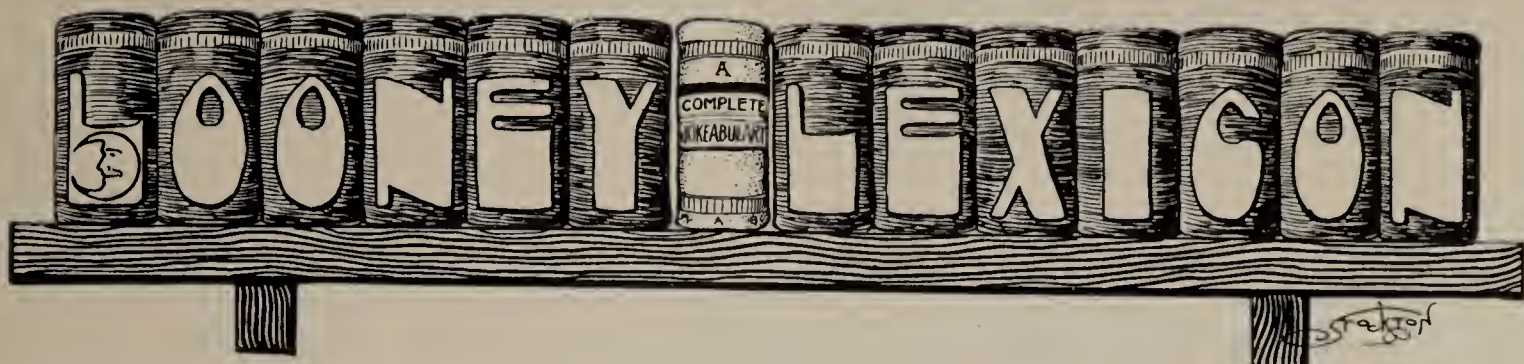
Lola Bender
 Rollin Buffington
 Harold Butler
 Neva Card
 Robert Craise
 James Davidson
 Zamie Emerson
 Percy Giles
 John Goe

Virginia Hardin
 Eugene Heatley
 Clarence Hersey
 Nellie Hill
 Helen Jefferay
 Luhr Jensen
 Ralph Jones
 Lela Kitching
 Edward Knowles

Luther Lightburn
 Frederick Lincoln
 Frank Mangini
 Lillian Maughan
 Forbes Parkhill
 Wallace Peterson
 Bert Ridburg
 Roscoe Stockton
 Burnham Stone

Grace Swallow
 Ella Walker
 Hazel Wallack
 Winifred Wood
 Arthur Wicks
 Annie Wilkinson
 John White
 Hal Yaeger
 Ned Yaeger





A

ANNUAL—(From indefinite article *an*, and comprehensive *you-all*.) An indefinite and incomprehensible combination of everything about everyone.

AMIALE—(a) What you are when you want a loan (i. e.) during lunch hour. (b) What you ain't when you want to be alone, (i. e) study hour with a test in view.

B

BARN-DANCE—An athletic exercise of a vibratory character, that never fails to bring down the house (also the hair). Excellent after a meal as an aid to digestion.

BLEACHERS—Tiers of joy and pain.

BLOWPIPE—A cylindrical chunk of overworked air wrapped up in a brass tube.

BREAD—A by-product of the pastry foundry, cast into blocks much like concrete blocks.

C

CALAMITY—To talk loudly while passing Mrs. Winton's desk.

CANNED—Preserved or pickled; applied to a select few who get themselves into a pickle, and are then preserved from doing it again.

CANTATA—Manual's memorable medley of melodiously modulated mellifluousness, melancholy moans and mildly musical mutterations.

CATERPILLAR—An upholstered worm.

COMPLIMENTARY COLORS—Colors which go well together. Example: Green Freshmen, and red ink. (The first, the compliments of the nursery; the last, the compliments of the faculty.)

COMPOSITION—A mechanical mixture comprising two ounces of dry facts, moistened with midnight oil, and sprinkled with a dash of punctuation and ink blots. DE-COMPOSITION—Its condition next day, after the teacher's criticisms. (Old spelling: D-Composition.)

CONDESCENSION (From Eng. *con*, to josh, and *descend*, to go down). To go down and josh a Freshman.

CREMATION—See Forge Shop.

CRIBBING—When some other fellow's paper blows onto your desk.

CRULLER—A doughnut that got confused.

D

DANCE—A social event held in honor of St. Vitus once a year by Seniors and Juniors.

DIGNITY (From Eng. *dig*, to work hard, and *nit*, not.)—Hence, one who does not work hard is said to have Dignity,—as a Senior or teacher.

DREAM—Ask Mr. Steele. His was a good one, and that's no dream.

DEBATE—A kind of bait indulged in by English sharks. Two of these sharks will quarrel for a time, until one of them gets de bait all to himself. The other one generally gets the hook.

E

E. AND M.—Exhausting and Mystifying.

ECONOMY—Throwing only half your gum into the waste basket.

EPIDEMIC—A fatality which occurred in the Annual Board.

ESCORT—A polite feminine term for protection and street car fare.

F

FILE—A thin layer of roughness on a steel stick.

FLUNK—Beyond power of definition or description.

FOSTER—To promote; a promoter of printing, punning and pleasant philosophy.

FREE-HAND—A place where you half close your eyes, as when peeling onions. (Some tears here, too.)

FRIZZES—A contagious head trouble among Senior girls.

FUSE—To melt with the blow-pipe. REFUSE—To do it over again. (The pupil generally has to refuse.)

G

GLEE-CLUB—(From Latin *gleus*, happy or easy, and *club*, an instrument of punishment.) Hence, a form of amusement easy to produce, but a punishment to those that hear it.

GRADUATION—(From Eng. *gradual*, slow, and *attain*, to get by effort.) Therefore, a slow attainment requiring great effort.

GRIND—Anybody who gets better marks than you do. A model scholar. See Model.

H

HOUR—Forty-five minutes given to pupils in which time they are given the chance to tell the instructor that they do not have their lessons. Has no reference to Seventh Hour.

HUG—Energy gone to waist.

I

IDEA—Something that occasionally dawns upon a Senior. Cause unknown.

J

JOINERY—A preacher's job.

L

LITERARY—(From Danish *litter*, something to fill up unoccupied space, and the Latin *airy*.) Hence, an airy litter that fills up and overcrowds the interior of a student's head. See Twelfth English.

LOCKER—A display rack for large feminine hats. When opened wide, a locker will readily contain two lead pencils, a stick of chewing gum and maybe two sandwiches, if the bread is cut thin.

LUNCH ROOM—A narrow, oblong space between 12:30 and the fifth-hour tardy bell, containing an interesting assortment of Giggle, Gurgle, Gabble and Gobble.

M

MERIT—A quality deserving praise. In sport, the name of a basket-ball player deserving special praise. Sometimes called Baker.

MODEL—A small imitation of the real thing.

MOLECULE—A small particle of matter.

MOLYCODDLE—A small particular mutt.

O

ONION—See Cooking. "In onion there is strength."

P

PERIOD—Forty-seven and one-half minutes of trials, troubles and tortures. Might better be called an interrogation point.

PIE—(Obsolete word.) Formerly used for one product in forge, but of late it has been dropped from the course of study.

PIGS—Pigs is pigs. Sometimes they are more so.

PIOUS—Full of pie. Ask Mr. Kerner if it isn't.

PLUMP—The condition of being just right between fat and skinny.

POMPADOUR—(Masculine.) From Eng. *pomp*, display, and *adore*, to be in love with. A mode of dressing the hair used by those who love display.

PONY—An easy way of getting there. The “Dark Horse.”

PROFESSOR—One who professes to know things. To do him justice, sometimes he does.

PUNCTUATION—(From Eng. *punk*, bad, and *tuition*, training, hence, a sign of bad training, and very little used at present.

PUNCTURE—A flat failure, yet a successful tardy excuse.

PUNNING—Playing with words.

PUNISHMENT—Listening to them.

PUNK—Dead wood. A term never applied to the Annual board.

Q

QUINN—(From Eng. *quinine*.) A good medicine, but sometimes hard to take.

R

ROAD—Sometimes to be walked upon. Beaten hard when in good condition.

RHODES—Something that should not be walked upon. Hard to beat when in good condition.

S

SEVENTH HOUR—Ask anybody; he can tell you.

SHAVE—A short-cut to beauty.

SNOWBALL—Something not as easily melted as the name might seem to imply.

SONG—A contraction and expansion of the vocal chords, practiced in the halls before school.

SPOON—Something that stirs up mush.

SEMESTER—(From Latin *semi*, half, and Eng. *eternity*.) Half an eternity.

STEREOPTICON—(From Eng. *stare*, to look vacantly, French *optique*, eye, and Amer. *con*, hot air.) Hence, a machine causing one to look vacantly with the eyes while listening to hot air.

STUNG—An exclamation of despair and rage used by physics students this year.

STROLL—The longest distance between two points.

T

TEACHER—A cognomen applied with aptitude to a certain species, either male or female, of the human race. The chief characteristics are, an ability to answer an entirely different question than the one asked, and to be able to see the person across the room from where the pupil is reciting. Another trait is a dislike of the human voice, as evinced by the rigid rules enforced against whispering. Striking examples are seen in all parts of the earth.

TRANSLATION—A reading between the lines.

U

URCHIN—An affectionate term for “Freshman,” used in Room 4.

V

VIRGIL—A place to eat pie and cake; also write poetry.

VACATION—That thin juicy filling in a thick, stale sandwich.

W

WHEW!—A common expression of the Annual board.

WORK—Obsolete except among Seniors, who use it solely for working teachers.

X

X—An unknown quantity. Used to refer to a Math student’s mind.

Y

YAWN—A leaving of the mouth ajar for a few moments for the purpose of ventilating the back teeth. Practiced at stereopticon lectures—but kept dark.

Z

ZEILMAN—Old spelling: Zeal-Man. Nuf Sed.



—* A VIEW OF THE CANTATA *



The imposing aggregation which you see upon the opposite page, in all the glory of multi-colored costumes and flowing tresses, may be looked upon with justly pardonable pride. It represents the climax of the untiring efforts of the Manual Training High School Chorus Club this year, the presentation of the popular cantata, "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," which was given March 12th and 13th in our auditorium.

Although the cantata given last year was a very marked success, it is generally conceded that this year's production surpassed it by far, both in extent and execution. One of the notable features is the fact that all the soloists were selected from the club, and although, perhaps, they may not have done quite as well as professionals, they won the admiration of their audiences with the excellence of their work.

In appreciation of the untiring efforts of their musical director, Mr. D. S. Swan, who sacrificed everything for the advancement of the club, they presented him with a fine music cabinet during the first performance. Miss Helen Spalding, the piano accompanist, was also made the recipient of a huge bouquet of American Beauties.

Previous to the Cantata, the Chorus Club had delighted the school with the rendition of "The Jolly Miller," a very pretty chorus, and the Glee Club had appeared with such selections as "Absent" and "Swanee River," and elicited much applause.

MEMBERS.

SOPRANO—Jeannette Bailey, Dina Claff, Victoria Cocayne, June Cowan, Helen Cuno, Helen Culton, Elizabeth Edlie, Elizabeth Eppich, Madeleine Everett, Charlotte Gooding, Tillie Gottstein, Virginia Hardin, Elizabeth Hoyt, Francis Johnson, Florence Kendall, Helen Kraemer, Cicely Lewis, Uno Nelson, Hattie Nottingham, Florence Read, Belle St. Clair, Ethel Stewart, Ila Von Ehrenkrook, Ella Walker, Grace Wallace, Lillian Wells, Gladys Whyte.

ALTO—Martha Baerresen, Lola Baker, Carol Beeman, Mary Carman, Marguerite French, Martha Hill, Lela Kitching, Lucy Malins, Vera Mallon, Pauline Norton, Mattie Nottingham, Ethel Poland, Hazel Porche, Mary Schoech, Harriet Seyler, Mary Soran, Ruth Spalding, Belle Walker.

TENOR—Arthur Aldrich, Raymond Bailey, Warner Bailey, Ray Humphrey, Herbert Jones, Edward Knowles, Ronald Peters, Bruce Roberts, Alden Root, John White, Frank Williams.

BASS—Erwin Baker, Paul Barker, Harold Butler, William Button, Earl Donaldson, Harvey Galbreath, Clarence Hershey, Ralph Hobson, Charles Kibler, Leonard Moberg, Palmer Sabin, Maurice Shugren, Ralph W. Smith, Roscoe Stockton, Arthur Williams.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF CANTATA.

Esther, the Queen.....	Louise Eppich
Ahasuerus, the King.....	Roscoe Stockton
Haman, the King's Counsellor and Overseer of the Realm....	Ralph W. Smith
Mordecai, a Jew.....	Arthur Aldrich
Zeresh, Haman's Wife.....	Lela Kitching
Mordecai's Sister	Madeleine Everett
Prophetess	Charlotte Gooding
Median Princess	Lola Baker
Persian Princess	Tillie Gottstein
Scribe	Harvey Galbreath
High Priest	Erwin Baker
Beggar	Harvey Galbreath
Herald	Frank Williams
Attendant on Zeresh.....	Cicely Lewis

MANDOLIN CLUB

R. SMITH
W

This year Manual can boast of a very good Mandolin club, something that is new to the school. The club was organized some time before Christmas, and Warner Bailey was elected manager, while Harvey Galbreath was given the director's position.

The club has played in public several times and has always received generous applause.

FIRST MANDOLIN—

WARNER BAILEY,
HARVEY GALBREATH,
LOUIS PAULICHECK,
MEARLE WILKINSON,

PIANO—

ELIOT SMITH,

SECOND MANDOLIN—

RALPH W. SMITH,
WILLIAM WAHRENBURGER,
ERNEST WALTER,

GUITAR—

RAYMOND BAILEY,
CLINTON MCKELVEY.



ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra of Manual was a great improvement over last year's similar organization. It found great favor last year and was necessarily received with greater favor this year. Several new pieces were added; a drum, several violins and a cello. The orchestra has improved so that it bids fair to rival Gargiulo's Denver band.

FIRST VIOLIN—

ALFRED PELTON,
FAY PATTERSON,
OTTO KOCH,
CLIFTON MONAHAN.

SECOND VIOLIN—

ERNEST GLIEM,
JOSEPH LANG,
ALFRED HILL.

The orchestra furnished the music for the Cantata and made quite a hit. It was, however, compelled to have the assistance of some outsiders in order that it might be well-balanced. It played before the assembled school once or twice and was well received. Mr. Bradley expressed himself as well pleased with the organization and its performances.

PIANO—

HELEN SPALDING.

DRUM—

CARL KNOWLES.

CELLO—

BARET MORRISON.

CORONET—

WILLIAM BECKHART,
IVOR WINGREN.



Manual's Diary.

Wed., Sept. 9—School commenced. Freshmen not so thick as last year; being smaller, occupy less space.

Thursday, 12th—Forty men out for football already.

Monday, 21st—High School Record first heard of. Who would have thought it of Oakley?

Tuesday, 22d—The new Psychology class learns how to visualize its auditory sensations.

Wednesday, 23d—Luhr Jenson wears a black eye; other fellow's not heard from.

Thursday, 24th—Ye Hon. Al. Kobey elected President of Seniors.

Monday, 28th—Mr. Quinn (alias Snowball) stamps the music books.

Tuesday, 29th—Ye Inexpensive Glider (Cheap Skate) joineth not the Athletic Association.

Wednesday, 30th—Rooters' club organized. Mouth expansion increased four inches; guaranteed.

Thursday, Oct. 1st—Compliments and slams; they all appear in Manual's Bulletin.

Friday, 2d—Juniors had a class meeting; they are dead ones no longer.

Monday, 5th—Why do Freshmen shy at Mrs. Winton?

Tuesday, 6th—Junior: "Why do Manual Seniors chalk the ends of their pointers when at the blackboard?"

Wednesday, 7th—We are told that what we heard in the auditorium was music. Anyway, the Freshmen went there for that purpose.

Thursday, 8th—Mr. Quinn, our new dog catcher. Pity the Pup.

Monday, 12th—No school today. Thanks, Columbus!

Tuesday, 13th—Everybody sleepy, even Mr. Bradley.

Wednesday, 14th—School let out at 2:30 this afternoon.

Thursday, 15th—Chester, the tool boy in the Machine Shop, wore a pair of tan shoes to school today.

Monday, 19th—Rooter's Club is growing; is nearly as large as the "Big Stick."

Wednesday, 21st—Senior class elected the Annual board. They voted wisely, didn't they?

Thursday, 22d—Miss Louise Eppich charmed us with her tender emanations.

Friday, 23d—A Manual orchestra is being formed. Hurrah for Manual!

Monday, 26th—Chemistry sharks now amuse themselves by generating foul odors.



WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30.

Tuesday, 27th—The timid Annual board held its first meeting.

Wednesday, 28th—Expulsion of our editorial staff from the Botanical Laboratory, 5 p. m., by Mr. Quinn.

Thursday, 29th—Kepner pulled off a joke this morning.

Sunday, Nov. 1st—Four a. m., Mr. Quinn injured his disposition, arm and leg in a down-stairs flight at his residence.

Monday, 2d—Red ink for report cards has just arrived. Consternation reigns.

Tuesday, 3d—Election day, but no holiday for us. Juniors betting on Bryan.

Wednesday, 4th—Juniors lost their nickles; Taft was elected.

Thursday, 5th—Our first yell squelched in auditorium. Miss Lela Kitching sang a solo.

Friday, 6th—John Clauser purchased the fly-paper for his new aeroplane.

Monday, 9th—Mearle Wilkinson has rearranged his curls.

Wednesday, 11th—Record broken! Sixteen potato mashers were successively and successfully thrown into the air pipe without a miss. (In Carving.)

Friday, 13th—Friday, the 13th. Flunked that geometry test again.

Tuesday, 17th—The Morey Society elected a few officers.

Wednesday, 18th—Bachelor atom, "No wedding bells for me."

Thursday, 19th—The Annual box now awaits you in the waiting room. Mr. Swan sang for our enjoyment.

Friday, 20th—Report cards received; papa and mamma pleased.

Monday, 23d—Twelfth Math. Fiends have proven beyond a doubt that all triangles are isosceles.

Tuesday, 24th—It is to snow; we take it coolly, however.

Wednesday, 25th—Tomorrow's Thanksgiving; we're choked with emotion.

Thursday, 26th—"Stuffing" indulged in.

Monday, 30th—Many Freshmen snowed under.

Tuesday, Dec. 1st—A joke found in the Annual box!

Wednesday, 2d—Chorus Club meets. "Stop your squawkin'," says Mr. Quinn.

Thursday, 3d—J. R. Henderson is adding another story to his house by digging a cellar underneath. Miss Gertrude Cisler played for us.

Friday, 4th—Senior party. "Little brown jug in evidence."

Monday, 7th—Freshmen crossed slippery floor on hands and knees.

Tuesday, 8th—Cooking girls put "on lots of dog;" they fry sausage for dinner.

Wednesday, 9th—Some culprits, amused by the Freshmen tactics, covered the floors with paraffine to again witness the fun.

Friday, 11th—Carl Knowles was elected captain of next year's football team.

Tuesday, 15th—Phoebe (coming from cooking just after making candy), "Gee, I'm all stuck up."

Wednesday, 16th—Record out again and so are we—ten cents.

Thursday, 17th—Football men received their M's. Alfred Pelton played a violin solo.

Friday, 18th—Many actually missed the East Denver Senior dance to hear Mr. Rhodes talk on the Civil War.

Monday, 21st—Ralph Hobson, surnamed "Bull-dog," has a severe case of "information of the brain."

Tuesday, 22d—Chorus Club treated us with some exquisite music but lost their reputation.

Wednesday, 23d—Isn't Mr. Whiteman practical? Notes and hot biscuits must not be held too long.

Thursday, 24th—Just think of going to school the day before Christmas. Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Monday, Jan. 4th, 1909—Has school begun again? Well, upon my word.

Tuesday, 5th—The Annual board is getting down to work.

Wednesday, 6th—Mr. Swan has failed to show up yet. (Probably indigestion.)



MONDAY, DEC. 7.

Thursday, 7th—Our machine shop's new lard-oil needs a deodorizing constituent.

Friday, 8th—Miss Atkins' geometry class has come to the conclusion that all circles are similar.

Monday, 11th—Why does Dan Rosenzweig sprinkle gasoline on his letters; he owns no automobile.

Tuesday, 12th—Masculine contingents of Annual board imitate Barnum and Bailey.

Wednesday, 13th—A Sophomore had an idea!!!

Thursday, 14th—Mr. Steele gave a good spiel.

Friday, 15th—Boneless liver is now the fad.

Monday, 18th—Basket-ball holds the floor.

Tuesday, 19th—General excitement prevails among our Freshmen; they've passed in free-hand.

Wednesday, 20th—Alden Root treated to jelly beans.

Thursday, 21st—The Mandolin Club entertained us. Walter and McKelvey gave movement to the passionate outbursts.

Friday, 22d—Psychology sharks' hearts weaken. It's a 1,000-word composition or flunk.

Monday, 25th—Off on the third quarter.

Tuesday, 26th—A hair-pin and an apple core found in the Annual box.

Thursday, 28th—Received our flunks again. Glee Club endeavored to cheer us.

Friday, 29th—Senior dance. Many an over-tightened garment ripped asunder.

Monday, Feb. 1st—Junior Prom promised. Aren't they a little young as yet?

Tuesday, 2d—The Annual board is making some definite plans! (?)

Wednesday, 3d—Well, say, did you hear our choir this morning?

Thursday, 4th—The orchestra put on a few airs and played them.

Friday, 5th—Porter Brace badly wrinkles a street car on his way to school.

Monday, 8th—Awful windy outside. A long talk in chem., too.

Tuesday, 9th—The Spanish Club agrees to conduct its meetings strictly in Spanish, providing the Senorita will supply the delinquent words.

Thursday, 11th—Sheldon Purdy read an excellent essay on Lincoln to us.

Friday, 12th—Another holiday. Don't you know, it's Abe's birthday?

Tuesday, 16th—What's the matter with E. and M. nohow?

Wednesday, 17th—William Beckhart recommends Pe-ru-na.

Friday, 19th—Sophomore (who had heard that adhere means to stick): "He was adhered terribly with a hat-pin."

Monday, 22d—Another holiday honestly earned. We lost the Stevens prize in the snow storm.

Tuesday, 23d—Car loads of Manual students continued to arrive well on after 9:30 this morning. Mrs. Winton submerged!

Wednesday, 24th—Hungry students go to the Pure Food show for samples.

Thursday, 25th—Miss Gertrude Cisler again favored us with a selection.

Friday, 26th—Again the spirits of Manual were elevated, but this time by the Junior Prom.

Monday, March 1st—Base-ball fiends are beginning their regular practice now.

Tuesday, 2d—Who said anything about Cantata tickets on sale?

Wednesday, 3d—Excellent scheme (?) it is: the shop people skiddooing first to eliminate crowded halls.

Thursday, 4th—Miss Rosa Haffner gave us some fine piano music. Taft was crowned.

Monday, 8th—The Seniors are a modest bunch—too modest to hand in their photos for the Annual.

Tuesday, 9th—Our assembly day henceforth will be on Tuesdays, says Mr. Bradley. Miss Ruth Haffner gave us a treat to some music.

Wednesday, 10th—Heatley got a shave!

Thursday, 11th—Borst rubs it in.

Friday, 12th—The great grand opera came off. It was the Cantata.

Monday, 15th—The Ides-of-March! Noble Caesar, claim your flunkers.

Tuesday, 16th—Miss Katherine Hildebrand entertained us with her violin.

Wednesday, 17th—St. Patrick's Day. Green Freshmen naturally were popular.

Thursday, 18th—"And the next day it snowed."



THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

Friday, 19th—Someone squeezed a lemon in the Annual box.

Monday, 22d—Spring vacation is drawing near.

Tuesday, 23d—The Mandolin Club knows its business. Flunked in that E. and M. test!

Wednesday, 24th—According to Mr. Bradley, today is Thursday.

Thursday, 25th—"Pompadour Willies" are here; cheer up.

Friday, 26th—Miss Bernice Parsons won the Morey contest. Seniors alone are allowed to get their flunks.

Monday, April 5—Again we are back to our lessons.

Tuesday, 6th—Miss Louise Holiday favored us with some music.

Wednesday, 7th—Annual board almost succeeded in getting a snapshot of Quinn.

Thursday, 8th—Everybody has learned to barn dance.

Friday, 9th—How do our little Freshmen girls look in their plaid dresses?

Monday, 12th—An influx of fancy ties. (Yesterday was Easter.)

Tuesday, 13th—Mr. Quinn complains that too much chewing gum is found in the waste baskets.

Wednesday, 14th—Macbeth and base-ball dreams conflict in this elegant weather.

Thursday, 15th—The Annual board hasn't time to breathe.

Friday, 16th—Senior class day. Great time we had.

Monday, 19th—Annual goes to the printers.

CANTATA NOTES.

Ruth S.—Which did you think was the best in the cantata, the costumes or the execution?

Harvey G.—Oh, I liked the execution lots the best; I think it served Haman right.

Mrs. Winton (After the Cantata)—You covered yourselves with glory, girls.

Louise—Yes, but not so much as with grease paint.

Mrs. Winton—But the glory's the most lasting.

Lela—Not very much, Mrs. Winton; I think I'll have to use a wire dishrag to get this off my face.

Mr. Kepner (behind the scenes)—I should think singing through those false whiskers would strain your voice, King Ahasuerus.

King Ahasuerus—Yes; I'm afraid of that, too; and if I drink too much of that wine my voice is liable to get so thick that it won't come through at all.

First Chorus Clubber—What does "D. S." mean at the end of this staff of music?

Second Chorus Clubber—Don't you know? Why, that stands for David Swan, of course.

Mr. Swan (training the boys' class—Sing it, "All hail to King Ahasuerus," not "All Hay!")

Clarence H.—But, Mr. Swan, when we look at his hair we have to think of hay.

Girl (in Maiden's Chorus)—I feel light-headed tonight.

'Nother Girl—So do I; but maybe it's because I had to leave my rat out when I took my hair down.

Ella W.—That isn't the same kind of grease paint that you used last night, is it, Miss Warnecke?

Miss W.—No; but how did you know?

Ella W.—It tastes a little different, that's all.

WHAT SOME OF US COME TO SCHOOL FOR.

Scat—To play football.

Ritt—To fuss.

Kobey—To play soldier.

Halsey—To bring Ruth.

Parkhill—:?????

Mangani—"Maduck."

Roscoe—Everything.

Aldrich—Auburn hair.

Freshmen—To hold the first floor down.

Sophs—To furnish amusement for the Seniors.

Juniors—To get a class pin.

Seniors—To get their face in the Annual.

Quinn—To waylay the speedy ones.

EXCUSES.

Monday. F-elt too tired to study.

Tuesday. L-ost my lesson on the way.

Wednesday. U-sed up all my paper.

Thursday. N-o; I really couldn't say.

Friday. K-new it once but have forgotten.

And so it goes, 'til marks are shrunk,

And you realize in sorrow——

F-L-U-N-K spells Flunk!

R. K. S.

SOME DIFFERENT VIEWS.

What is High School, Freshman?

"A place where tears are shed."

What is High School, Soph'more?

"A place where flunks we dread."

What is High School, Junior?

"A place to cram your head."

What is High School, Senior?

"A place to raise Old Ned."

Galbreath (to Chester in tool room)—
"I've forgotten what I came for."

Chester—"File?"

Galbreath—"No."

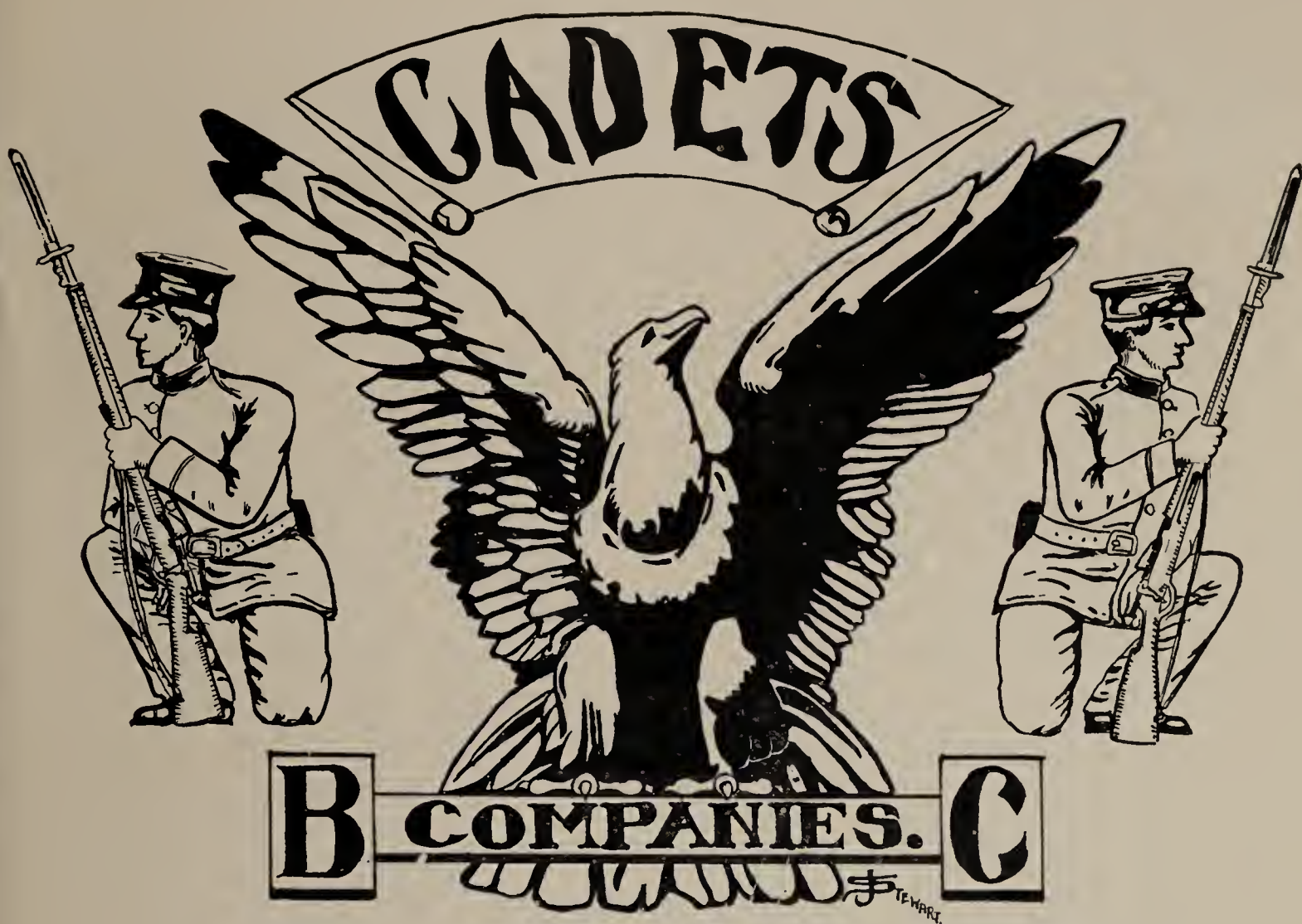
Chester—"Nut arbor?"

Galbreath—"No."

Chester—"Oil?"

Galbreath—"Yes, that's what I wanted!
It's so greasy it must have slipped my mind."





"B" COMPANY.

Each of the cadets of "B" Company feel justly proud of being a member of that company. The first five medals presented this year are worn by as many cadets in Company "B." The rifle team composed of Lieut. M. Shugren, Sergt. R. Smith, Sergt. V. Kimber, Sergt. D. Showalter, won the second annual rifle shoot and were presented with the medals given by Troop "C" of the C. N. G. Musician R. Lieurance and Lance Corporal A. Hagadorn were the alternates for this team. The other medal is the Guyer trophy, which was won by First Sergt. Vernon Kimber. And again three men wear the Junior Marksmans' medal of the National Rifle Association of America and it is hoped that this number will be increased to include the entire company.

"B" Company has been handicapped this year for it has been necessary to send the officers and non-commissioned officers from the main building to Longfellow school to drill; yet in spite of this fact the drills have been both interesting and instructive. The officers believe that they have not sacrificed other things in vain in going to Longfel-

low for drill, for the results are more than pleasing. We feel that "B" Company has shown the right spirit in drilling and we are pleased with the results in the cadet work among the Ninth Graders at Longfellow.

A few extras have been indulged in besides the drills, and they have been enjoyed immensely. A military cock fight has taken place after every drill and only those who have witnessed one of these contests will be able to imagine the pleasure derived. "Butt's Manual of Arms" has been given as exercise, with great results. "B" Company's base-ball team with Edward Walter as captain and its captain as manager expect to have a good time in the near future. These sports are taken up outside the regular drill time and are entered into with spirit. When in June we go to the cadet camp at Palmer Lake there doubtless will be athletic contests as well as the drill and detail of camp life, which will make the camp this year the best ever held in the history of the Denver High school cadets.

"C" COMPANY

The cadet organization of the Denver High Schools is increasing each year and especially the companies at Manual. The reason for this increase is that Maj. J. E. Hutchinson, who has charge of the cadets is doing all in his power to make everything of interest to the cadets. The major has been helped considerably by Adj. Gen. Kelly and Capt. Strickland of the National Guards.

The number of interesting events this year has been far greater than in any previous year. The practice march to Ft. Logan was successful in every way.

The second annual shooting match which was won by Co. C last year went to Co. B of Manual. Co. C ended third.

The annual cadet entertainment was a success, both socially and financially.

The cadet banquet was looked forward to as the event of the year. Short speeches were made after the banquet by Gov. Shafroth, Gen. Hale, Col. Hill and many other prominent men.

Another event which has brought the cadets into prominence in the last few months is that they joined the National Rifle Association. About ten of the members of Co. C have qualified for the junior marksmanship medals given by this organization and about five more will qualify. A team of ten men has been picked from both companies at Manual to compete against the other schools of this organization and they hope to win a place in this match.

Capt. A. L. Kobey.

CADETS WHO WEAR THE SHOULDER-STRAPS. 1908-1909.

CAPTAIN ERNEST JOHN GLEIM,
COMMISSARY AND ORDINANCE OFFICER (STAFF).

CAPTAIN ALBERT LEOPOLD KOBÉY,
COMMANDING COMPANY "C."

CAPTAIN RALPH HOBSON,
COMMANDING COMPANY "B."

LIEUTENANT MAURICE SHUGREN,
FIRST LIEUTENANT OF COMPANY "B."

LIEUTENANT HAROLD C. HUNT,
FIRST LIEUTENANT OF COMPANY "C."

LIEUTENANT HENRY KERR,
SECOND LIEUTENANT OF COMPANY "C."

LIEUTENANT ERWIN BAKER,
SECOND LIEUTENANT OF COMPANY "B."

LIEUTENANT ELMER SHERRIFF,
BATTALION QUARTERMASTER AND COMMISSARY (STAFF).



ROBERT COLLIER, Co. C, M. T. H.S.

COMPANY "C"

ATHLETICS



ARTHUR

BRADLEY 1909



W. BAILEY

TAYLOR

IRVINE

MUNCASTER

ELLA WALKER

→ CAPTAINS 1908-9 ←

The Men Who Wear Our "Ms"

FOOTBALL

Aldrich, Knowles,
Bailey, W., Kobey,
Boot, Mangini,
Galbreath, Paulicheck,
Humphrey, Peters,
Irvine (C.), Rittenhouse,
Kennedy, Taylor,
King, White.

BASKETBALL

Aldrich, Dumar,
Baker, Paulicheck,
Beck, C., Purdy,
Beck, H., Taylor (C.),

BASEBALL

Bailey, R., Southerland*,
Harrington*, Bailey, W. (C.), Walter, E.,
Kobey, Walter, F.,
Lutz, Wickoff,
Paulicheck, Wrigley.

TRACK

Bailey, W., Muncaster (C.),
Beck, C., Walter, E.,
Baker, Beck, H.

*Prospective

→ OUR COACHES ←



ZEILMAN

STEELE

SWAN, MGR.

FAIRFIELD

MISS SHORT

FOOTBALL



M.T.H.S.



SWAN, MGR. ZEILMAN, COACH BAILEY KNOWLES ALDRICH MANGINI PAULICHECK GALBREATH KING

As usual the whole school went "football mad" last fall. All the games were well attended, and enthusiastic crowds cheered the team in such a manner that the players always felt the support of the student body.

The prospects for a championship team were very dark indeed, when the season opened, because of the scarcity of experienced players. A great majority of the old men had graduated the year before, leaving but three to whip the '08 team into shape. These were Captain Fred Irvine, Carl Knowles, and Ray Humphrey. However, these three did their work so well that Coach Zeilman was able to draw up a strong fast team with the new material then available.

A good number of boys came out to fill the positions and hard snappy practices were carried on at City Park. The new club house was used to good advantage during the season, and skirmishes with wet sponges and towels were held indoors as often as those with the pigskin on the gridiron.

The first game was played against D. U.'s championship team. The college rolled up a score of 47 to 0. During the game Capt. Irvine had his knee turned twice which prevented his taking any active part in the remainder of the games. This left the team without a quarter-back, but fortunately Rittenhouse stepped in and filled the vacancy. Aldrich also trained for the place and the two alternated during the different games.

The Mines' second team played a prac-

tice game with Manual on the 14th of October, and won by a score of 22 to 0. The trip to Golden was enlivened by two crates of peaches which were eaten with much relish and stone-throwing. After the game the team was given supper at the Merchant's Hotel from which they returned to Denver and spent the evening at the Orpheum.

On October 24th the third practice game was played against Sacred Heart. The playing was not classy on either side and resulted in a tie score. In this game the team suffered another setback when Warner Bailey received injuries in his shoulder; that prevented him from playing in any of the championship games except with East Denver. These practice games placed the team on a good footing except for the loss of the two star players, Irvine and Bailey.

The first championship game was against the Boulder Preps' squad at University Park, or Kansas City as it was called on account of the long car ride necessary to reach it. The Boulder aggregation was much heavier and out-punted Manual. They played a hard clean game and succeeded in gaining two touch-downs but were unable to kick either goal, making the score 10 to 0 in their favor. The next Saturday at the same place Manual bucked against West Denver. The West Side boys had made a good showing previous to this and the odds leaned a little in their favor when the game opened. But Manual gained a decisive victory by two touch-downs and one goal, and did not al-



IRVINE TAYLOR HUMPHREY KENNEDY KOBAY RITTENHOUSE BOOT PETERS WHITE ROOT, A. MGR.

low the ball to cross her own goal line once. Kennedy, left-end, made a sensational run of forty-five yards through a scattered field for a touch-down and was afterward rewarded by the girls with smiles and flowers.

The 21st of November was the date of the annual scrimmage with East Denver. Each school was confident of winning but practiced hard for the game, nevertheless. The day was cold and foggy and not fitted for the best kind of work on either side. There were several unfortunate decisions made by the referee, Mr. Holmes, which completely disheartened the Manual squad and took the life out of their playing. Only one goal was kicked and the game ended with the score of 16 to 0.

Both North Denver and South Denver forfeited their games, although Manual tried very hard to secure a scrimmage with each.

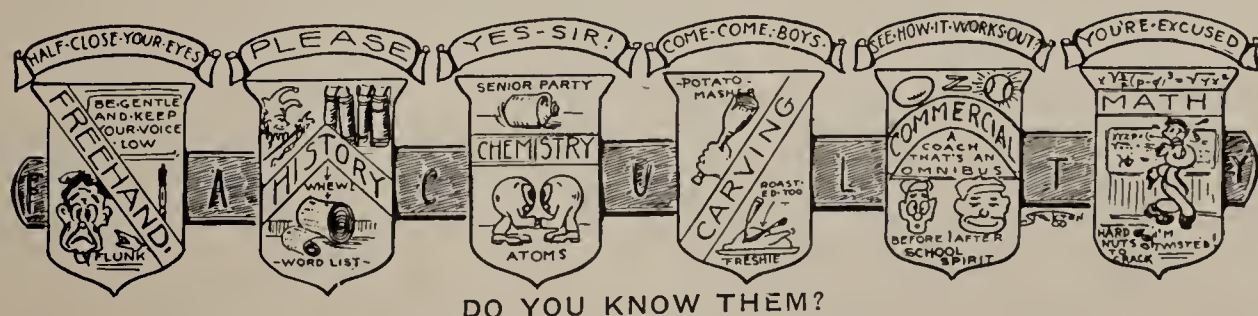
On the whole it was a very unfortunate season, but considering the new material used and the injuries received in the opening games, Manual made a very creditable showing.

The players received many social honors which they thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Mr. Ireland of the Broadway theater was kind enough to entertain the team

at two box parties. The first one was held the night after D. U.'s victory over the Mines when everyone was all enthusiasm over the home college team. The "Alaskan" was on the boards that week. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The night before the Longmont-Englewood game the squad again held a box party and saw "The Wolf." That afternoon they had a car in the automobile parade given in honor of the visitors from Chicago.

Another function of a different nature but just as entertaining was the surprise party held at Bailey's. The whole team was invited and arrived "en masse," finding to their joy a party of girls had preceded them and were having the time of their lives entertaining Warner and "Bud." The party was a great success, although several of the boys bewailed the fact that they had worn jersey sweaters and soft flannel shirts. The team was also invited to the Senior party, where they enjoyed themselves hugely.

After the last game a meeting of the foot-ball squad was held at which Carl Knowles was elected, unanimously, captain of next year's team. Judging from his faithful work in the past he will fill the position with honor to himself and to his school.



The Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association was organized in September, 1895, its object being to promote, govern and regulate the athletic sports. Teachers and pupils were eligible to membership and it was anticipated that the organization would do much good in arousing and maintaining an interest in athletics.

The annual meeting of the Association for the purpose of electing officers is held on the last Friday of the first month of the fall term. The board of directors is composed of three members from the faculty and a boy and a girl from each class. The board is under the supervision of Mr. Bradley. A president, secretary and treasurer are elected by the board and meetings are held after school once a month.

The officers and members of the board for this year are: Raymond Bailey, *President*; Louise Eppich, *Secretary*; Mr. Steele, *Treasurer*; Miss Atkins, Mr. Borst,

Jeanette Bailey, Pauline Haberl, Ruth Spalding, Warner Bailey, Edward Knowles and Fred Lutz.

Last year the Association decided to build a club-house, and City Park was chosen as a site for it. The house was built entirely by the boys of the school under the supervision of Mr. Steele. There are shower baths with hot and cold water. So far no lockers have been put in but we expect to have them before long. Our association is the only High School Association in the United States which owns its own club-house.

It is believed by many that the building of the club-house and the purchase of new suits by the Association last year had a good deal to do with winning the state baseball championship. The team had the use of the club-house and practiced in suits every night which was something the baseball team never could do before.

THE HAPPY FACULTY.

A playlet in one act. Scene: The Faculty Circus. The game is on. Orchestra accompaniment of howls, hoots and hollers. Faculty at bat. The following conversation ensues among the student spectators:

"Well, say, did you see James Steele second just then?"

"No, I wasn't looking at him; but you just ought to have seen William Shute for third!"

"Oh, look who's at bat! I bet if Billy makes a hit this time he'll Borst the cover off the ball!"

"Well, I Swan! He almost did it. All Rhodes lead for home now."

"But, look! The pitcher caught it! Now's the chance for a twin play. No, he Kep it too long—no he didn't either—well,

Gee whiz, talk about your twin plays! Why that'n was a Triplett!"

"Oh, no; not quite. But he put out two quicker'n you could say 'John Henderson!'"

"Yes, and that leaves only one Mahin on base."

"Oh, they'll lose, all right. Let's go and C Valentine Kirby and bet him ten to one on Manual!"

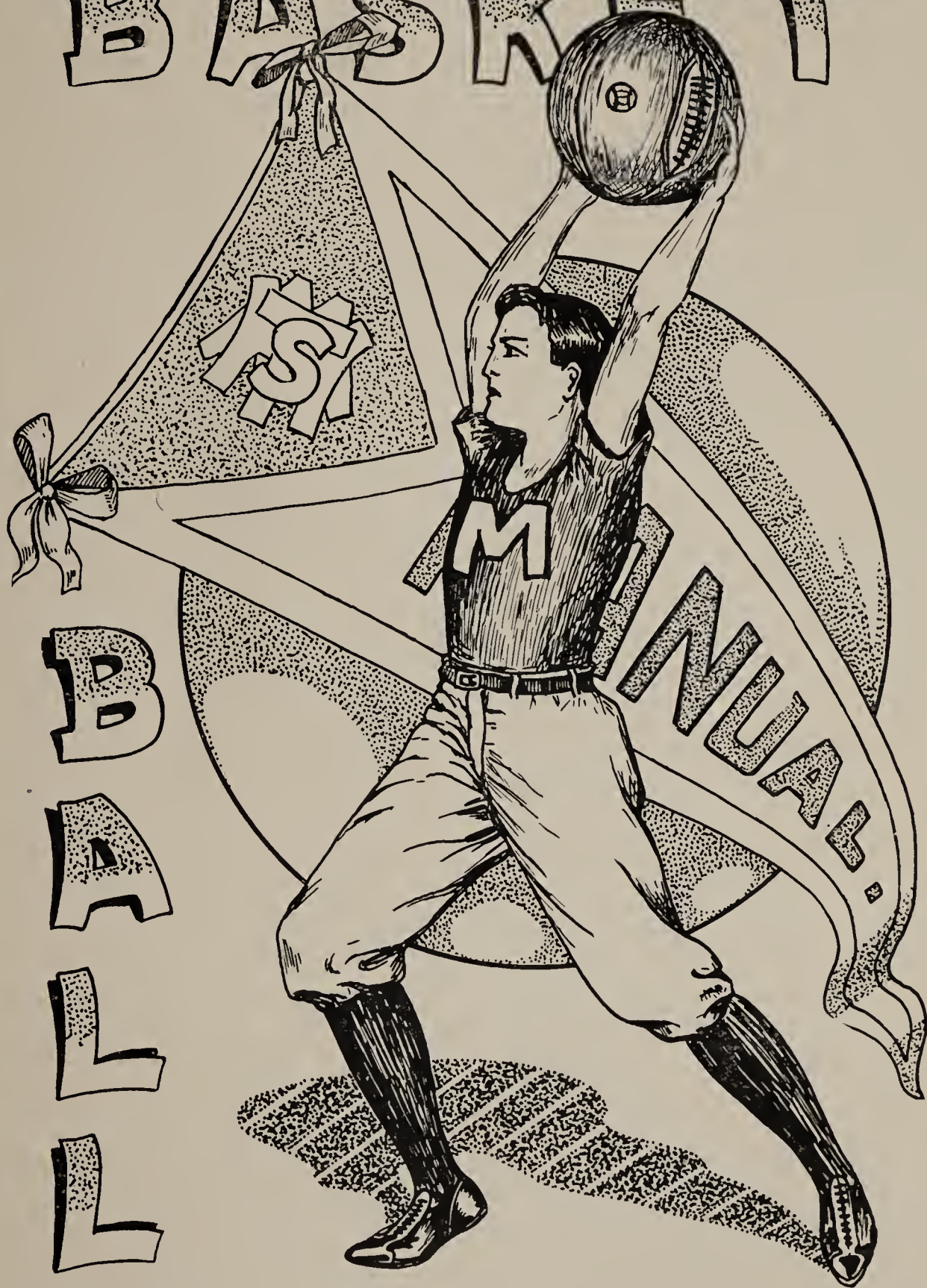
"You're on. The Faculty playing is not *all* bad; only in Parce."

"Yes, I guess you're right. But then it would take lots of Zeal, man, to bring their work up to the same standard as ours, you know."

Exeunt all but Perspiring Facultonians, who remain behind and sing: "We Flirted with the Bases, but We Couldn't Make a Hit."



BASKET



BALL

H. C. G. 09.



The winter of 1907-08 saw the birth of a new line of athletics in Manual. In its first year this new sport, basket-ball, was not very successful, either financially or in the numbers of victories. This, the second year of basketball in Manual, has seen a complete reversal of last year's games. With a good place to practice, a good coach, and, above all, a fast team, Manual has had no difficulty in annexing the City Championship.

As a team the men worked together well; as individuals they have shown themselves the equals of any in the city. Pauli-check, our tall forward, has proved a wonderful tallymaker. With his height he combines surprising speed and sure-footedness. H. Beck, the other forward, has played a brilliant game this season. As center, C. Beck played a consistent game, and while not securing many baskets, was a great factor in keeping our opponents' score low. A great deal could be said of the work of Captain Taylor and of Aldrich in their excellent achievements as guards. The fact that no team scored twenty points on us adds to the proof of our excellent ability.

The first game with East Denver was a most interesting affair. Despite the sensational playing of East, Manual kept a few points ahead during the entire game. On this occasion the basket-throwing of Pauli-

check and the Beck brothers was wonderfully sure.

Another close game was the second one with North Denver, the only game played on a Thursday. The low score was the result of "Polly" playing with a sore foot and the remaining fellows taking it easy to be in good condition for the game on the following Saturday with East. In the game with East, the last of the championship games, Manual made things hum during the second half. The first half resulted in the close score of 8 to 7. The second half saw nothing but Manual, the whole team playing a phenomenal game.

A game was played against Lafayette and lost by the score of 34 to 28. The floor was so slippery that the fellows couldn't stand up. Otherwise the game would have resulted in an easy victory for Manual.

The Championship games resulted as follows:

Manual, 23; South Denver, 2.
Manual, 24; East Denver, 19.
Manual, 36; West Denver, 12.
Manual, 26; North Denver, 17.
Manual, 28; South Denver, 7.
Manual, 37; West Denver, 16.
Manual, 19; North Denver, 14.
Manual, 28; East Denver, 15.

*A. E. Gerald Collins,
Sporting Editor.*



Nobody who has been to the football and baseball games will deny that Manual girls have an interest in athletics, but generally they have had to confine their expression of it to cheering the boys. For the first time in several years the girls have had athletics of their own, and the beginning of a regular basket-ball team has opened a new field for them.

Between fifteen and twenty girls have practiced twice a week since December, and with the aid of their efficient coach, Miss Short, of Denver University, have done some excellent work, and aroused an enthusiasm for the game which ought to help girls' athletics to grow and prosper. They had all the difficulties of beginners to meet. There was no league, no schedule of games and it was hard to secure a suitable place to play.

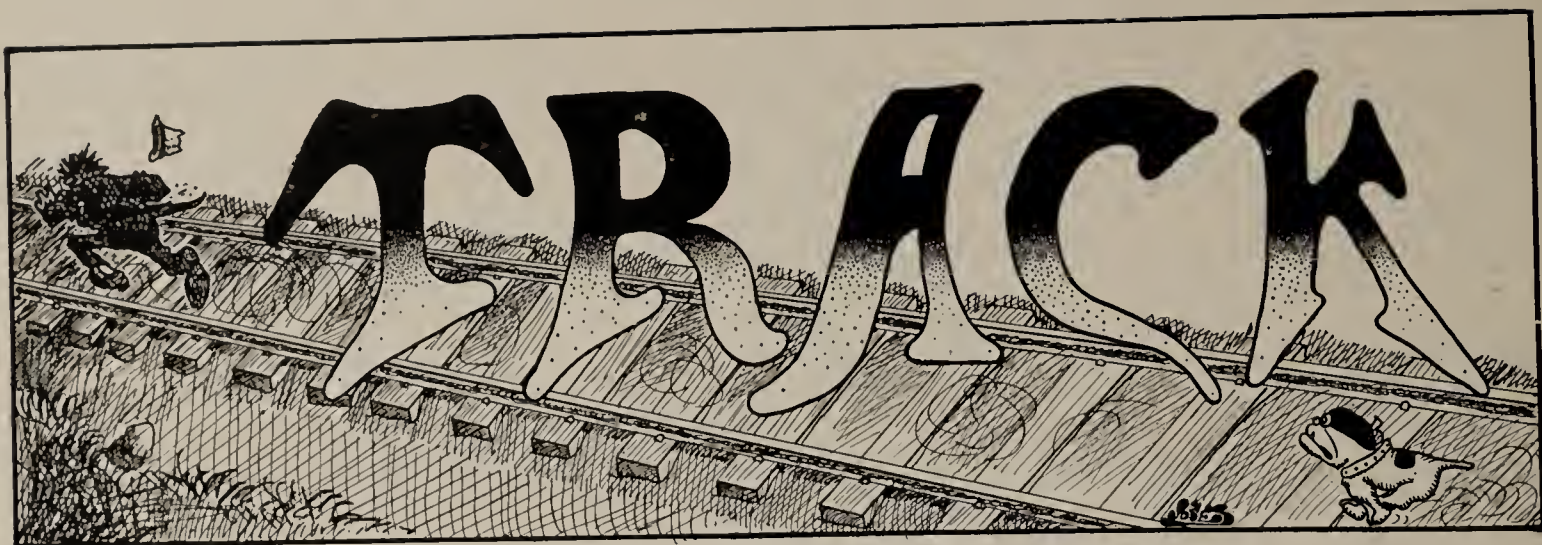
Their chief opponents were the East Denver girls. Of the four games played, Manual won two and tied a third. The only games which were considered really match games were two with the South Side, which were lost to the superior speed and experience of their team.

On the whole, the girls deserve a great deal of credit for their hard work, their

faithful attendance at practice, and the Manual spirit shown at all times. Those girls who kept coming to practice, even after they had no chance to make the first team, should be honorably mentioned, for without the practice against them the first team could never have been developed.

Of the regular team, Ella Walker has made an excellent captain and as guard played a good strong game. Ruth Kimball had trained hardly long enough for her position and was not so sure for defense as Elsie Weber. The two forwards, Madeline Everett and Elizabeth Hoyt, were especially good players, supporting each other well, and doing good work in throwing baskets. For stationary center, Marjorie James and Olive Cook were so well matched that no choice between them could be made. Frances Mitchell played a consistent game as jumping center, but Roberta Pettit did some star work in the second South Side game, which put her in the lead.

The chief criticism of the team as a whole was lack of steadiness, due largely to their inexperience in playing games. They continually increased in speed, and with the year's experience, we should have material for an excellent team next year.



In the past few years Manual has been steadily climbing toward the top in track work. May this year see Manual holding the State honors!

We are unfortunate to lose the three crack men of last year's team—Carpenter, Carper and Peabody. However, East Denver will have a still greater loss in Vandemoer and Woodward, and the other schools have also been greatly weakened. To make up this loss, Captain Muncaster has been training hard through the winter and will

clip off three-fifths of a second from his record. Aldrich and Purdy will be strong on the 440 and in the relay race. For the 880, Jensen Doud and Stewart look good. Of old men, Beck will represent us in the hurdles and should do well, as he is in excellent condition. A large number of candidates are on hand for the weights. Muncaster, W. Bailey, Paulicheck and Smith are all good, husky men. The jumps will be strongly contended for by Bailey and Wickoff.



TRACK TEAM, '09.

In the pole vault the best looking are McKelvey and Ralph Smith. Altogether, there are not only plenty of old men, but some surprisingly fast new candidates.

The track having been in very poor condition, and with the bad weather of the month of March, practice started at a late date. No meet is, however, scheduled until May, and by that time we will have a track team that will uphold the name which has been gained in other lines of athletics.

The annual inter-high school cross-country run was held on the morning of April 3d over a course of about three and one-half miles. Manual's representatives gained a victory over a field of 47 contest-

ants by a margin of 33 points. Jensen of Manual, and Tobin of East, easily held a big lead over the rest. At the finish, Jensen rapidly pulled away from the East Denver man and won with plenty to spare. His time for the three and one-half miles was 20 minutes and 51 seconds. Kantner of East took third place. The total points gained were as follows: Manual, 345; East Denver, 312; North Denver, 304; West Denver, 196; South Denver, 76.

Manual's winning team finished in this order: Jensen, Dowd, Nakano, Dumars, Muncaster, Heatley, Purdy, Short, Sproul, Prather.

*A. E. Gerald Collins,
Sporting Editor.*



FACULTY AND SENIOR BASEBALL TEAMS.

BASEBALL





STATE CHAMPIONS, 1908.

State Champions—1908.

About the first of March, 1908, the candidates for the baseball team went out for practice. All too soon it became apparent that the men could not bat, field, or run bases. Thus, as soon as it was possible to select the most likely of the material, it became necessary to take each man aside and teach him the very rudiments of the game. The men proved themselves quick and thorough pupils. Within a month the team was playing a fast, snappy and heady game.

The first championship game was played April 21st. After a close game Manual took the big end of a 5 to 3 score. With three more victories to our credit we met East Denver for the city championship. The game was played before a large crowd in a drizzling rain. In spite of a muddy field the game was surprisingly fast. East Denver kept the higher score until the ninth inning; then they went up in the air, leaving Manual the victor by a score of 4 to 3.

We next met Golden for the honors in the Northern division. The drubbing they received will be remembered by the Goldenites for years. The last game of the season was played with Colorado Springs, June 6th. After an exciting game we defeated them and thus gained the coveted State Championship Pennant.

The team which won us these honors was one of the greatest examples of development that one could find. Every game showed an improvement over the one before. In the weakest point, batting, the

team finished with an average percentage of .278. In fielding and base-running, league work was done.

Too much credit cannot be given to the untiring zeal of our coach, Mr. Zielman. When not working with the team on the field, he was coaching some one over the weak places in a study. Himself an excellent baseball player, he had the ability to transmit his knowledge to others. Captain Clarence Royce was a steady, gritty leader, and, as catcher, made a record that any league would be proud of. In Pitcher Patterson, Second Baseman W. Bailey, Shortstop Wikoff, and the other men—Lutz, Peabody, Walter, R. Bailey and Swallow, we had men seemingly made for their positions. The thing that won Manual the pennant was not, however, the individual work, but the ability of the team to play together. It is on this point that we rely to hold the championship in Manual for many years to come.

The championship games of last year were as follows:

Manual, 5; N. D. H. S., 3.

Manual, 6; W. D. H. S., 5.

Manual, 4; N. D. H. S., 3.

Manual, 8; W. D. H. S., 4.

Manual, 4; E. D. H. S., 3.

*Manual, E. D. H. S.

Manual, 9; Golden H. S., 2.

Manual, 3; Colorado Springs, 0.

*Forfeited by East Denver.

A. E. Gerald Collins,
Sporting Editor.

Base Ball—1909.

PRACTICE GAMES.

Manual, 30; Denver Normal, 1.

Manual, 20; All-Stars, 8.

Manual, 8; Denver University, 4.

Manual, 2; Denver Western League, 14.

Manual, 11; Mines, 0.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

Manual, 23; North Denver, 2.

Manual, 16; West Denver, 0.

Manual, 9; North Denver, 0.

Manual, 4; East Denver, 2.

With four championship games won by good scores, Manual has opened what promises to be a record season. In our practice games we took revenge for foot-

ball defeats and opened the collegians' eyes a little. North Denver simply disappeared under the avalanche of runs. Their only two runs were secured in the ninth inning. West Denver gave us a little better game, and even made a fairly interesting game for six innings. They then fell to pieces, and during the last three innings made seven errors to help out the Manual's hits. In this game Paulicheck struck out thirteen men and only twenty-nine faced him in the game.

Last year Manual, with a poorer team and superior opponents, won the championship with a perfect percentage. This year will probably result in a walkaway for our fast team. For our magnificent



1909 TEAM.

record we owe a great deal to the coaching of Mr. Zeilman. He has brought baseball to be one of the leading sports at Manual. Under his eye we have developed a bunch of fellows whose team-work has placed us amongst the foremost in the ranks of amateur baseball.

In Warner Bailey, the captain of this year's team, we have one of the fastest second basemen in the state. He is a wonderful hitter and is well known for his ability to steal bases. With his other star work he ranks as an excellent pitcher.

Paulicheck, our lanky tosser, has made a famous record in the box. He has all that goes to make a pitcher—speed, curves, control and change of pace. Wick-off again fills his old place at short, and is one of the leading batters. R. Bailey is this year seen at third. He is more than making good there. His batting has also been excellent. Lutz is still on his old place at first; he is playing errorless ball this year. Kobey, as catcher, completes the infield, and is doing good work in that position.

Another of last year's team, E. Walter, is still seen in the outer gardens. Once a fly gets into our fast center fielder's hands, there is no doubt as to its being a putout. F. Walter is new to his work in left field, but is playing a good game. Wrigley has

made some sensational plays in right field. He has also done good work at shortstop. Harrington has also done well in right field.

The team as a whole shows a knowledge of team work seldom seen outside of professional baseball. The work on the bases is as good as could be wished for. In the early part of the year the team seemed weak in batting. This is fast becoming eradicated, as seen by the high scores piled up. The fielding is excellent and the whole team has resolved to keep up the errorless game played against West Denver. Taken all together, Manual has a team that she can be proud of as long as records exist.

On Friday, April 16th, the Faculty suffered their annual defeat in baseball. This time it was at the hands of the Senior class. A large crowd was on hand and the number of jokes exploded on this memorable occasion would stretch a long way. The Seniors were attired in various clown suits, hired for the day, while the Faculty were squeezed into the suits of the regular team. The score, when all the fireworks were over, was 22 to 2 in favor of the Seniors.

A. E. Gerald Collins,
Sporting Editor.

STATISTICS OF SENIORS.

NAME.	GENERAL DESCRIPTION	BY-WORD	AFFECTIONATE TOWARDS	FAVORITE PASTIME	BESETTING SIN	AIM IN LIFE
ALLEN, MAVEA.....	Interesting	Enough!	All mankind	Trimming hats.....	Seeing the slights.....	Club organizer.
AMES, RUTH	Joking	Tickled to Pieces.....	Mab.	History	See "Epidemic".....	Hlgh Ames.
ANDERSON, ALMA.....	Rampant (?)	Oh, Dear!	Physics	Meditation	Biscuits	To talk loud.
BAILEY, RAYMOND.....	Lanky	Howdy	All girls	Fussing	Fussing	Mormon missionary.
BAILEY, WARNER.....	Limping	Nix on that!.....	Louise	Dear slaying	Pompadour	Matinee idol.
BENESCH, ELLA.....	Fascinator	What for?	Anything	Theater	Wicked eyes	College widow.
BRACE, PORTER.....	Explosive	Nix!	Senorita	Giggling	Giggling	Motor jockey.
BROWN, LESLIE.....	Perpendicular	Oh, Piffle!	Kepner	Sitting on the steps...	Being called down....	Francais.
BURNHAM, HELEN.....	Brilliant	Oh, Trollick!	Chem.	Reciting	Losing voice.....	Cooking teacher.
CLAUSER, JOHN.....	Nice Kid	By Jove!	Machine	Filing	Funny dub.....	Specialist.
CRABBE, RUTH.....	Sentimental	Halse!	Halsey	Halse	Halse	To be Well(s).
DE LA VERGNE, MARY...	Fluttery	Sparkling Cucumbers!..	Ye editor	Being jolly	Talking	Mines.
EPPICH, LOUISE.....	Dignified	Oh, Buzz!	Music	Warbling	Barn-dance	Prima donna.
EVERETT, MADELEINE..	Art-istic	That's Dandy!	Arthur A.	Dreaming	Titian Locks	Art-ist.
FERGUSON, ISABELLA...	Noisy	Sh-h!	Ellen	Talking	Noise	Housekeeper.
FERRIS, ALEX.....	Stately	Phew!	Estelle	Picture posing.....	See picture	Unknown.
GUERNON, ELLEN.....	Substantial	Hush!	Mrs. Leigh.....	Host	Nitric acid	Millionheiress.
GLIEM, ERNEST.....	Sizzling	I can't go.....	Route	Cadeting	Flunks	Soldier.
GOODING, CHARLOTTE..	Budding	Oh, Louise!.....	Unopened flowers....	Propheying	Reading notes	Schoolmarm.
HABERL, REGINA.....	Enlightened	Jigger!	Newlyweds	Basket-ball	Eiting nails	Sewing teacher.
HAMMOND, HERBERT....	Silent	Oh, I see!.....	Mrs. Leigh	Sticking papers.....	Girlology	S. S. teacher.
HAMMOND, LAURINE....	Blooming	Oh, my!	Ralph (?)	Fletching gum.....	Promptness	Flap-jacks.
HEAD, ETHEL.....	Calm	Oh, dear!	Little people.....	Chemistry	Conscientious	House-wife.
HOBSON, RALPH.....	Stiff	Hello, Fellows!.....	Muskets	Selling tickets.....	Uniform	At target.
HOLT, JESSE.....	Crazy	Cut it out!.....	E. and M.....	Chewing gum.....	Overworking	President.
HUMPHREY, RAY.....	Emaciated	Nix, will you?.....	Blanche	Bossing	Sox	Section boss.
JACOBS, BESSIE.....	Quiet	Hasn't any	Teachers	Chemistry	Has none	Happiness.
JEFFERAY, MARGARET..	Chubby	Ha! ha!	Cupboard	Giggling	Foolishness	Chaperon.
JONES, RALPH.....	Effervescent	Who wants to know?..	Children	Die-jesting	Chocolates	Woman suffrage.
KENDALL, FLORENCE...	Attenuated	Oh, Virgil!	Cook books	Studying	Independence	College.
KOBEY, ALBERT.....	Senior	"Tention!	Ella Benesch	Civics	Cadet	West Point.
KYLE, ESTELLE.....	Rippling	Oh, frizzes!	Sport	Ferrous ox-eyes.....	Captivating	To change name.
MOBERG, LEONARD.....	Loose Jointed.....	Get to work!.....	Roscoe	Grinnng	His bigness.....	Taking it easy.
OSBORNE, MYRTLE.....	Mischievous	Be quiet!	Mavea	History	Prof. Nap.....	Graduating.
PATTERSON, FAY.....	Smiling	Great joy!	Poets	Orchestra	Violin	Easy life.

NAME.	GENERAL DESCRIPTION	BY-WORD	AFFECTIONATE TOWARDS	PASTIME FAVORITE	BESETTING SIN	AIM IN LIFE
PARKS, HOLMES.....	Long	What y' playin'?	Miss Tenney.....	Grind	Almost human.....	Farmer.
PELTON, ALFRED.....	Flexible	Pretty good, huh?	Nothing	Splitting wood	?	Editor Denver Express
PERSONETTE, CARRIE.....	O. K.	Sure!	Books	Designing	Telling stories.....	Make a dictionary.
PETTIT, ROBERTA.....	Jovial	It's rank!	Latin	Dreaming	Money from ma.....	Search us.
POLAND, ETHEL.....	Petite	I'll not do it!.....	Zellman	Talking	Wakefulness	To grow.
PRATHER, ALBERT.....	Tolerable	Come off!	Math.	Coming early.....	His laugh	Plumber.
PURDY, SHELDON.....	Gloomy	What in the Sam Hill.	Y. M. C. A.	Track	Washing dishes.....	"Nu-life."
ROOT, ALDEN.....	Girlish	Yes, Kid	Mrs. Pettit	Jelly beans	Minus quantity.....	U-no.
ROSENZWEIG, DAN.....	Elastic	?!!!!?	The Ceiling	English	Argument	Fraternity.
SAMMIS, HAROLD.....	Urchin	I'm growing	Ernie	Chewing gum	30 cents	Prize fighter.
SCHOECH, MARY.....	Abbreviated	Goodness!	Test tubes	Chemistry	Chewing the rag.....	Society girl.
SCOTT, EDWIN.....	Easy	Great Scott!	Weaker sex	Pondering	Going to bed.....	Onion raiser.
SHARLAND, MARGARET.....	Pleasant	Do tell!	Alb. P.	Cooking	Dreaming	Ranch cook.
SHERRICK, BESSIE.....	Happy	Oh, my!	Dad	Host, too	Mushrooms	To love her teacher.
SMITH, RALPH.....	Bottled in Bond.....	It is!	Fem. Freshmen	Lunch	Lunacy	To make a hit.
SNELL, HARRY.....	Neat	Cut it out!.....	Gas engines	Milking cows.....	Dancing	Teacher Wolcott sch'l.
SPALDING, HELEN.....	Sweet	Hello!	C. K.	Walking home.....	Conversing	Artist.
STACKHOUSE, EVELYN.....	Dainty	So true?	Heaven	Psychology	Cute	Don't ask.
STAUB, ISABELLA.....	Brunette	Doesn't own one.....	Ellen	Meditating	Not guilty	Undecided.
ST. CLAIR, BELLE.....	Placid	Oh, mercy!	Chocolates	Sighing	Herself	A good ANNUAL.
STOCKTON, ROSCOE.....	Busy	Gee!	Everything	Singing	Hair	Court fool.
STOETZEL, MYRLE.....	Chummy	I'll see you tomorrow.	History	Graduating	Heroism	To be known later.
STEWART, JAMES.....	Humorous	In whose favor?	Mineralogy	Experimenting	Green hats.....	Policeman.
TUCKER, ADA.....	Jolly	Yes, dearie!	Flowers	Not studying.....	Working	Ask her.
TRUE, KATHERINE.....	Coy	It's not so!.....	Daddy	Safety matches.....	Simplicity	Ideal.
ULSHOFFER, MAY.....	Highly Humorous.....	Hi!	The one	Joking	Good hearted.....	Too personal.
WALKER, ELLA.....	Jolly	Can't blame me.....	E. D.	Basket-ball	Serving punch	Athlete.
WALTER, ERNEST.....	Generally Ridiculous..	Fine as the sun.....	Dutch	Being foolish.....	Baseball	Do something.
WEBSTER, MARGARET.....	Nice	That's the limit!.....	The bunch	Dancing	Serving punch.....	Get to Pratt.
WELLES, HALSEY.....	Crabbed	Still alive!.....	Ruth	Jokes	Pompadour	Pater familias.
WEPF, ETHAN.....	Cherubic	Oh, you fellows!.....	Clown suits	Printing	Ushering	Preacher.
WHITE, JOHN.....	Dramatic	Get the hook!.....	Spanish	Amusing children.....	Photographs	Scene shifter.
WILKINSON, ANNA.....	Gentle	Will you?	Keper	Something else.....	Whispering	To get a diploma.
WILKINSON, MEARLE.....	Crimpy	Out with it!.....	Beauty	Bothering	His smile	To get thro' in Math.
WILLIAMS, RAY.....	Proper-ish	Shams	Frats	Psychology	Kindness	Blooming lawyer.
WINGREN, IVOR.....	Pericceuy Good.....	W'at's the matter?.....	Liver pads	Snorting	Cornet	Tooter.
WOLCOTT, HELEN.....	Bewitching	So sudden!	Curling irons	Class party.....	Don't ask us.....	Too young.
ZEAGLER, KENNETH.....	Amusing	Stop it!	Lathc No. 9.....	Making faces.....	His motorcycle.....	Not quite sure.



Study of a Manual Graduate's Head.

This picture represents a few of the various contrivances contained in a Manual student's head, by the time he completes his course. A great many wheels were necessarily left out for lack of space.

First are shown the "Freshman Gears" (a), whose office it is mainly to make a lot of noise. This can be stopped only by application of the contrivance placed on the shelf beneath and to the right.

When a student is perplexed he invariably scratches his head at (b). This releases the catch and allows the large fan (c) to revolve, which shoos the bats to the farthest corner of the belfry.

The delicate mechanism at (d) regulates the half closed eye in Freehand. A soft click is heard when the exact halfway point is reached.

The Dope Wheel (e) governs mess-making in Chem. Notice the claws above.

Mr. Rhode's Learn-it-in-a-minute Wheel is shown at (f). 900 revolutions per second.

Elevator (g) is used to raise the spirits after a siege with XII English. It doesn't raise the siege, however.

The large and important wheel (h) is known as "Flunk," and is indirectly connected to all the other mechanism. It is oiled from the red ink tank (i) and would never slow up were it not for the Make-up-test Governor (j). When you fail in the test, the gearing (k) operates the cheek necessary to give the teacher a rebuttal. This gear is made of brass.

Push button (l) is pressed when one desires to think fast. It is connected with

the bell (m) and sometimes causes a ringing sensation in the head, when used too much during a test.

The Bluffer or Guess Wheel is shown at (n). It is used when you answer a question on suspicion. The Mark Wheel (o) is directly connected to it, the mark being indicated by the pointer. Notice the predominance of D's.

Wheel (p) is called the "Joke Wheel" and is almost toothless with age. It only catches the little "Ha" slide once in a while. Mr. Kirby is responsible for some of the lost teeth. At (q) you will see the Fog Tank filled with compressed clouds. When these clouds are freed—next day after a dance, etc.—they cloud up the interior until a brainstorm is imminent.

At (r) is shown a Retort Courteous, which should always be used on Mr. Quinn in preference to any other kind.

Headlight (s) is the proverbial Bright Idea. Its only trouble is its heating effect, which expands the head to more than normal size.

The Grind Stone is shown at (t). It is used almost exclusively by the "Forever and A" pupils. Bs and Cs and Ds, when sufficiently applied to the Grind Stone, become sharpened at the top and hence turn into As.

If there is anything in the above explanation which you do not understand, we would respectfully recommend the use of the Looney Lexicon as an authority.

*Clinton McKelvey,
Roscoe Stockton.*



THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

Mr. M——is my shepherd.
I shall not want for punishment.
He maketh me to sit in Bradley's office,
While he calleth me down.
He canneth me from Manual;
He restoreth me to school;
He leadeth me by the ear through the
Hall for his own sake.

Yea, and when I walk through the
Halls of Manual, I shall always fear
Evil,—for M——is always with me.
His rod and his staff they chastise me,
He prepareth a switch for me in the
Presence of my school-fellows.
He annointed my head with slaps;
My temper boileth over.

Surely M——and Mr. P——shall
Haunt me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in eternal dread
Forever.

HOW WOULD THEY LOOK?

Paulicheck—Three feet, nine.
Mangini—Not whistling or joking.
A Freshman—With his shoes shined.
Geo. Wheeler—Not tardy.
Seniors—Buying India ink.
Sophomores—Ignorant.
Juniors—??????
Mr. Rhodes—With a heavy hirsute
adornment, shaking dice.
Mr. Zeilman—Playing marbles.
Mr. Parsons—Eating a three-foot
noodle.
Mr. Henderson—As Buffalo Bill.
Miss Tenny—Singing bass.
Mr. Quinn—Reciting Hamlet.
Chester—Delivering a sermon.
Mr. Kepner—As an end man.
Mr. Kirby—As another end man.
Mr. Steele—Squeezing through a dough-
nut.
Mr. Borst—Walking slowly.



THE MANUAL EPIDEMIC

VOL. I. NO. I.

M. T. H. S. STEENTH OF MAYCEMBER.

CLASS '09.

GREAT FIRE DRILL AT M. T. H. S.

Humphrey's Candy Stock Almost Totally Consumed.

Great excitement prevailed yesterday afternoon. At a few moments after umph o'clock the big gong in the hall squoke forth in ominous warning. The Upper Classes were startled almost out of their wits, and completely out of their seats. The Freshmen were startled only out of their seats. Soon the hall was filled with an excited throng. He whom they call "Snowball" paled at the sight and quickly evaporated around a sheltering stair post. A brave bevy of boys were the first to get out of the building. Noble fellows! They wanted to test the outside air to see if it was fit for the girls to breathe. It was, so they waited outside to tell the girls of the fact.

Not so those lads who had been detailed to catch the fainting damsels. They lingered behind with hope in their hearts and both arms free. But pshaw. the haughty girls never heeded their mute appeal. According to the old proverb, "Fool's heart ne'er won faint lady."

But hist! Is that the crackling of the flames I hear? No, little one; that is only the cooking girls scraping the batter off their hands.

And look! what is that fiery red glare near the chemical lab.? Is that not a flame? Ah, no, 'tis only the reflection of the sun. Mr. Kepner is standing there and the sunlight strikes his head.

And all this in less than two minutes. for things of this kind do not take long. And the street outside is now filled with the joyous throng. rewarding itself with candy for its display of heroism.

A boy came up and asked me a question: "If a feller stayed behind and caught a fainting girl, during the fire-drill—and—and—squeezed the girl's hand a little bit, would that be a drill-press?"

I smiled faintly and struck him for a nickel to buy some candy.

After the pupils had stayed out until they thought the teachers would come out and get them, they slowly filed back into the building. No lives lost.

THE CANTATA.

(By Willie.)

A Cantata is a lot of people dressed in painted eyebrows and gorjus costumes that sing. I seen one at Manual. It sang about 500 years B. C. That's what the program said. B. C. means Before Columbus.

The villun was a proud guy called Hayman. He was the head man of the king. I ferget his name—the king I mean—but it was somethin' like "King Who-has-the-earache," but not egsactly. Anyway, he had whiskers. The beautiful queen who was Esther and the name of the Cantata was the king's wife.

She had a unkle who was a Jew with grey whiskers called Mordeki. Hayman was mad at him besides all this so he was in a bad fix. Hayman was going to have him strung up for not noddin' his head at him when he came in.

Then Mordeki was skared, you bet. He went and supplicated to the queen with a solo to get his life back for him. The queen she was skared too, but she knew she was pretty so she went and asked the king and Hayman to come to a big feed so as to get the king in a good humor so she could petition for the Jews who was her own people.

When they was all at the banquit, the king he strained some wine thru his whiskers and felt better. He then told the queen to go ahead and petish. She told him she and her people were sold and Mordeki was for sale too. Then she and her maids all knole on their knees. Gee, old Hayman was skared then! The king he got awfully terrible mad and stomped and called Hayman a viper, and things—all singin' too—and then a fellow with short pants and a long mustash told him that Hayman had made a gallows fifty cubits—which is awful high—and then the king he frowned and told the guards to make Hayman die (which rymes with high in the piece).

Haman he jumped clean out of his robe and rushed to his wife who was a sad lookin' lady then, cause she would be left with a little child to support. Her name was Zerish (I mean his wife).

Then they sang farewell till it made me let some tears loose. Gee, whiz, I was sorry for her.

Then the guards grabbed Hayman and walked him out with their spears in their hand. Then Mordeki he came in all togged up with a robe and crown and the king gave him a ring and everybody was happy but Zeresh who was a widow.

They then all sang some more and got done. I thought it served him right for being so stuck up, but not for his wife and the little kid, who was cute too.

They took a flashlight after the play, so I must quit.

Yours,

WILLIE.

THE LAW OF "TRANSFORMATION OF ENERGY" DOES NOT HOLD TRUE.

This startling fact has now been admitted among the learned scientists. So far only one example has been used to prove the law inconsistent. This example, though somewhat unique, proves without a doubt that the law has an exception. We all know that an animal derives energy from the food it eats. The food supplies power for the working of the internal mechanism. Without food the animal would waste away and die. Consequently, the substance from which the animal eats is consumed and transformed into organic energy. The disproof of the law is:

We will take the moth. It is a small animal, but demands food for its existence and energy as well as the larger ones. Naturally, by the law (once believed to be true), the substance from which it eats will be diminished. Right here is the exception: The substance will not be diminished, but will be increased, for the moth eats holes. A. E. P.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Big Daily Lectures
By
Prof. Dan Rosensweig
On
Every Known Subject.
Mornings Only.
Chemical Laboratory.

THE MANUAL EPIDEMIC.

Editor, Le Mon Thrower. Circulation, normal. Rates: If taken slowly, on the installment plan, only a few groans. Subscribers are cautioned against too much at once and any attempt to find sense in it may prove fatal.

This is the most pleasing paper on record, as shown by the extent to which it is taken. Its freedom from anything savoring of "yellow" (lemons) should be noticed.

THE SEVENTH HOUR.

This is the cause for much dispute between pupils and teachers. The merits of each case are set forth often, but strange to say, and despite arguments to the contrary, the teachers usually win. One of the points urged by the unlucky student is that this seventh hour takes up too much of his valuable time; in fact, keeps him from attending to many important business details. Still the relentless faculty clings stubbornly to the rule and a vision of the tardy hall looms before the eyes of the unspeedy.

A STORY.

Great Scott, man, don't tell me that!"

The young man's face turned a chalky White, and he Braced his Head against the cold Brown Root of a tree nearby.

"Yes," said the other, listlessly, picking up a small Crabbe from the beach and commencing to Pettit, "I Tucker home because—well, because she was afraid to pass through the Parks alone, and besides, she said she'd let me Holt her hand on the way."

"My girl, too," groaned the first, sadly. "The best and Ferris' girl I ever had. Why, I've written acres of lyric and Epich poetry about that girl; I've Wepf for hours at her shrine; I've eaten her home-made fudge many a time and found it the best I Everett; the best that ever any Personette; and now—now she is no longer True to me! She Ames to—to—er crush—to crush my proud—"

The poor lad choked with emotion. Then he mumbled sadly: "I wish those Manual Graduates had some more names that I could use; I hate to leave off in such an exciting place."

Moral: Hurry and get your names changed, girls.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Letter of a Japanese School Boy to His Father.

Hon. Parent:—

Your diligent son are safely rolled up as gentlemanly, faithful, etc., etc. student in celebrate M. T. H. S. train school. I are safely gone past first & 2nd. large and imminent dangers which are here respectfull designate Mrs. Secretary & Hon. Thomas Quinn.

On first day of appearance of me Hon. Mrs. M. H. G. Winton have large gladly ha ha on face there fore wabbling heart of small Jap boy are of thankful disposition, but not so are arrangement of T. Quinn. I say inside my self, "Smashamuro! spread gladly smile to all wild beast and mankind." For joyful greeting I spank Hon. T. on back of arm pit and ask to know "How goes it Snow Flake?" Then are enact terrible scenery of violence and fury. Fierce Messina earthquake expression flow over countenance of injured man and furniture and other works of art melt in tangled match wood. I are escaped in cloud of dust.

I are much imbued with Hon. Hendersons wood carve shop, but lament to indite progress are exceeding handicapped to me. I can throw one mallet per day into ventilator pipe, which are sneerly called bum work by Hon. class mates who enjoy some times one doz. of same in pipe in one day.

Object of each student to pursue at Hon. school are to get abundant collection of letters on ¼ly report card. Happy teachers to accommodate burning up desire of all for same make plurality of letters from entirely red ink. Such sequence of result are for artistic requierment. Hon. Sunshine James Kirbv present guarantee of approval for each copy. Faithful likeness of above H. S. J. K. appear on your esteemed breakfast victual of bath towel resemblance.

Oftenly appear by school door long string of almost soldiers which watchful eye of I discover to be schoolroom mates in disguise. I develop secretthink that above are to make small Jap boy shiver in boot and advise Hon. Japan not to pick fight with fierce Denver Col. school boy soldier each one who are exact 3 feet 4 inch in elevation.

School mates are delude that Shashamuro are Prince so for

gladful expression of above they send me 1 peck of large juicy lemons.

Hoping that you are the same,
Your lovely son,

SMASHAMURO KOKO.
Denver, Col. 26 of Feb. 09.

Virgil, M. T. H. S.

A great calamity occurred here, though it has not been generally reported: one-third of the male population was swept away in an overflow of work; ladies thrown into wild despair; Ralph W. Smith stopped Latin!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Comedy of Errors: Mr. Steele and Children's Day Announcement.

Twice Told Tales: Mr. Rhodes' Stories.

The Tempest: In the halls at noon.

Prisoners of Hope: Freshmen before they get their cards.

Les Miserables: Freshman after they get their cards.

Old Curiosity Shop: Mrs. Winton's desk.

Our Mutual Friend: Mr. Quinn.

The Call of the Wild: The yell leaders.

"And we'll all stick together, in rain or shiny weather," sang Mr. Henderson's whiskers as he gaye them another rub with his glue-covered fingers.

SOCIETY.

Punk teas seem to be the most popular form of entertainment at present. Several have been served in the Cooking Laboratory lately and teachers are often overcome by them in their classrooms.

The serving of chocolates at Annual Board meetings is one of the latest and most enjoyable fads (!!) The stimulation thus afforded is most acceptable to the brains (?) of the workers.

Of all words used for empty bluff,
The best example is "cream puff."

Of all sad words 'neath Heaven's bower,
The saddest are, "Stay Seventh Hour."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Darne—For mending the air which was rent with shouts on your husband's return, use either a sailor's yarn or the thread of a discourse, according to the size of the rent.

Victim.—We know of nothing that will mend jokes cracked in an after-dinner speech. Usually they are so old as to be beyond repair.

Margaret W.—We referred your question to the head of the Motherhood Department, who said that a monkey-wrench would be the most suitable Christmas gift for your pet ape.

T. Rimmer.—Ruffled feelings are still quite generally worn. They are always crosswise, but may be made straight by smoothing.

Ella Benesch.—For the scene where you are eating fruit when the fire breaks out, wear burnt orange with watered ribbons and garden hose.

Cooking.—Pins are strongly recommended as the best means by which caps may be kept on.

OUT SHOPPING.

Oily waste that is of no further use in Machine Shop may be used to stuff pillows with. A person will readily slip off to sleep when using one of these pillows.

A new bulletin has appeared in the Cooking Laboratory. The title is "Biscuits and Food."

In F. H. D.

Do not discard the left-over bits of charcoal. Save them and eat a piece after each meal. They are fine for the digestion.

Excellent chewing gum may be made of kneaded rubber, into which some fixatif and a little India ink have been thoroughly rubbed.

In Physics.

Cold mercury, externally applied via the back of the neck produces a peculiarly pleasing effect upon the nerves. It may be later extracted from the shoes and used over again when sufficiently cold. People have been known to fairly dance with joy upon the application of this remedy.

TOMMY ON "THE TOAD."

Todes is funny. Some todes is little and some are small. A tode has too ise, one is on one side and the other is on the left side of hiz hed. Todes has flatt bodes and corse voyses. Todes with voyses are caled froggs. Froggs has webs like duks, but todes hazznt. Todes eats buggs but froggs eats buggs too. Todes and froggs has worts but froggs hazznt.

Todes and froggs has big mouths. So has froggs. Froggs is good eeting when there leggs is fat and guicy. Todes is not nise eating but eat buggs and flize. Todes and froggs have no tales like my dog fido because they don't need them cause flize dont get on 'em.

Big todes eats big buggs and little todes eats little buggs and so do birds. Todes ain't pretty like birds but froggs is nise and green on there back and white on there chest. Froggs can make noise caus they hav bigg chests butt todes can't. Froggs can jump and todes hop but I like froggs better than todes. So does my unkel.

Boys dont be a tode. He is as lazy as anything and sets on a stule all day. Todes has stules which are good eeting when they are mûshrums. This is about all I no about froggs.

TOMMY GREEN.

R. E. J.

Wanted—Two patent, collapsible self-fainting girls for use during next fire drill.

X134611120b Epidemic.

CURRENT POETRY.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views by our hand no fellow creature—done.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views 'gainst the Seventh Hour, no good excuses spun.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views by our hand no joke contrived, or pun.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Oh woe is me!—we'll have to leave this one.

A loud report was heard in school.

As soon as I dared risk it,
I asked the Cooking Teacher why.
(A girl had dropped a biscuit.)

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Cream Puffs—Dip a bubble pipe into hot flour paste. When a thin film has collected upon the bowl, blow until a bubble about three inches in diameter is attained. Fill a small bicycle pump with sweetened corn starch. Fasten the pump to the pipe and bring down the plunger. Unfasten bubble and heat in oven till corn starch expands. Fasten down securely until cold.

Thorough saponification of the physiognomy is an excellent method for removing lemon pie stains and grease spots.

Admirable breakfast food may be made out of your discarded whiskbrooms and clothes brushes by chopping them up fine and serving with thick cream.

To successfully "half-close the eyes," shut one eye entirely, leaving the other one wide open. Very simple. Discovered by a Freshman.

When taking a test and the teacher is one who gives full credit if the student does not have time to finish, it is customary to wish fervently and hopefully that the bell will ring soon. But if the bell does not ring, it is considered proper for the student to (w)ring—his hands.

When the Psychology class recites in the dining room, it is a wise precaution to conceal apples and other edibles. In the preoccupied state caused by close attention to the lesson, the pupils are liable to unconsciously dispose of anything in sight.

If an insufficiently-cooked pudding which you are carrying, accidentally turns upside down, don't scream, but thank your lucky stars that your digestive organs missed what the floor received.

When baking biscuits, care should be taken in handling them, for Mr. Rhodes would be seriously disturbed by their fall. And he has enough to stand when the water from the icebox leaks into room 7.

I asked a maid in Sewing Room, "Why make your fingers go so—

Perhaps you like this kind of work?"

And the maiden answered, "sew sew."

JOYS OF MANUAL.

Verily, he who goeth to Manual is oftentimes sore oppressed. He findeth the shops have their vises. Yea, he even squeezeth his fingers therein and raiseth his voice to high D.

He spilleth his ink in Mechanical, and blackeneth both the floor and his innermost thoughts. He burneth his finger in Forge. He saweth his knuckle in Pattern. He smiteth his wrist in Carving, and howleth with the ache thereof. He then sitteth on the forms till he breaketh with stiffness.

He loseth his checks. He breaketh his model. He lendeth a tool to a neighbor and getteth it not back.

He colareth his countenance with shellac. He submergeth his digits in grease. He anointeth his hair with glue. His leeward optic becometh filled with shavings till he squinteth like a dried apple.

He discovereth cold mercury down his neck in Physics and danceth about even as a wild Comanche. He splasheth nitric acid in his ear in Chem. He getteth swatted with kneaded rubber and stuck up with fixatf in Freehand. Of a verity he endureth much and complaineth little.

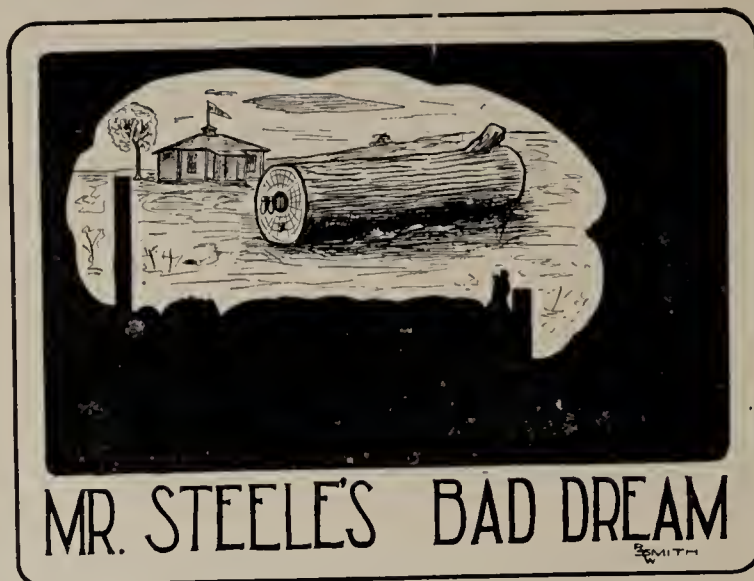
He masticateth Spearmint lustily and is sentenced to the Office. He loseth his locker key and goeth without his lunch. He passeth Cooking Lab. next hour, feeling sorely vacant. Yet he getteth naught but the smell. Still he lingereth, however; that afternoon he stayeth Seventh Hour.

Verily it may be said that his troubles are many and his pleasures few. Yet question him as to this and he will strongly aver that never had he more joy in his life; and in thy heart of hearts thou'lt know he speaketh the truth.

THE SCIENCE OF ROOTING

By R. K. Stockton.

All necessary gymnastics, etc., clearly set forth.



For Latest Translation of

—VIRGIL—

See A. Root.

Most Poetical!

Startling Rhyme and Rhythm.

All Latest Slang Introduced.

Gives entirely new version of ancient classic!

See the New Book

EXTERNAL LUMINOUS IDEAS

By Helen Burnham.

Most beneficial to those having only External Illumination.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Miss Betty Eppich will give the annual Spring Display of her Hair Ribbons next week. Every variety shown. Free lessons will be given to young ladies on how to tie bows the most fetching way.

A CONTINUOUS CONVERSATION HEARD IN THE HALL.

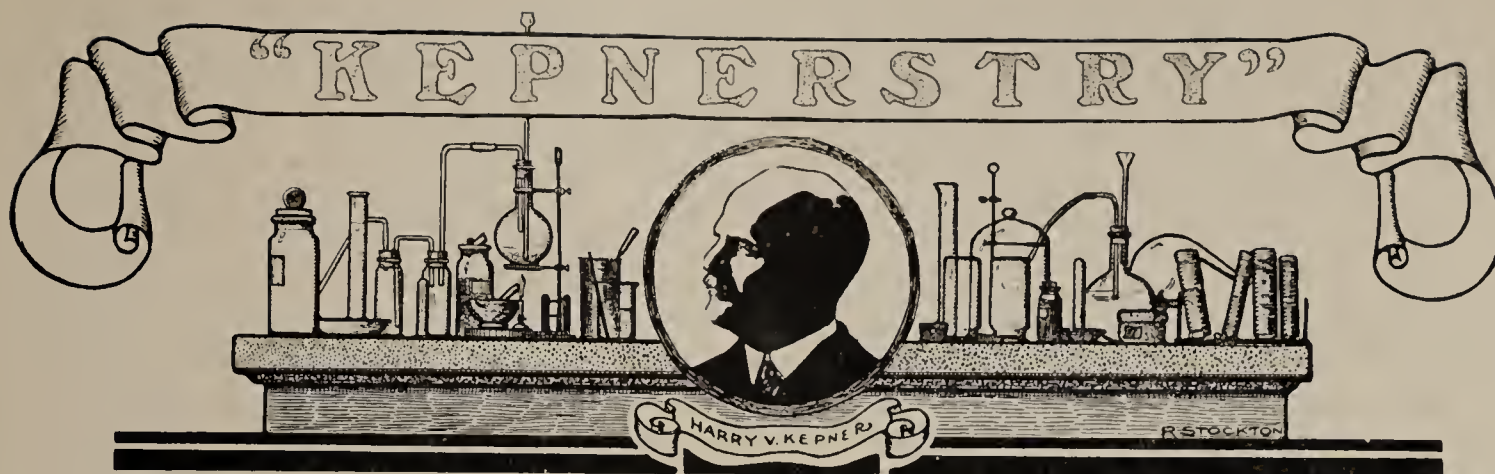
"Oh, that blowpipe experiment makes my cheeks feel just like—hot dog sandwiches and only a nickle too, right across the—rat in her hair fell out, and somebody picked it up and said, 'Whose fur collarette is this?'"

and then the—facial contortions spoil the music, because—the two angles are equal and—you gimme that now, or I'll—tell Mary she just looks lovely in that—H₂S is a fright; it smells just like—Mr. Whiteman sings—perfectly sweet with the hair frizzed like that—no, mamma won't let me go to dances—it's your treat this time, Alden—those word-lists of Mr. Rhodes—neutralize the bases and—'Polly was pitching, too, what do you think—he said that she told him that John liked—Mr. Quinn always did—every waltz and next was the barn dance, and Oh, Helen—jigger, here comes—lobsterino, you owe me a nickle, and I want it—with mayonnaise dressing on it, and next they had—court-plaster all over his nose. He's a good looking fellow, too, but—Mrs. Leigh said, 'Put your gum in the waste—no, on the other side of your face—nearly upset my—auditory sensations tell me I hear the bell, but—I'll see you—get the hook—so long—I've lost my—come on—there goes my shoe string—no I won't—see you later—hurry up—hurry!—there, I knew I'd be tardy.'

And so was I, and had to stay the Seventh Hour, too.



KEP'S XMAS PRESENT



In bringing forth the word "Kepnerstry," it is our desire to show, in a concise way, our appreciation of Mr. Kepner's manner of teaching Chemistry, by combining his name with that of the science which he teaches.

The word "Chemistry" may convey the impression of a study which might be uninteresting to a large majority. Let, then, the word "Kepnerstry" mean Chemistry with something added—the individuality of Prof. Harry V. Kepner—whose manner of expressing chemical technicalities and processes in terms not only easily understood, but rendered exceedingly interesting through an agreeable personality, has made the nine months spent by us in his laboratory one of the most pleasing memories of our stay at Manual.



ANALYSIS.

When you procure some H_2S ,
And other stuff as bad—or less,
And mix a frightful smelling mess,
—That's Preparation.

And when you take the tube of stuff
And pour it through some paper rough,
And half of it goes down your cuff,
—That's Filtration.

And when you dump some acids in,
And shake it up, and boil it thin,
And stir it for a while like sin,
—That's Separation.

But when you've worked both hard and
long,
Made your report, with courage strong—
Then Kepner tells you it's all wrong,
—That's Thunderation!

R. K. S.

Mr. Kepner—Alden, can you tell us how
glass is made?

Alden Root—Yes, sir. Boil some water
till it's real thick, then spread it out thin
and let it harden.

FAR FETCHED?

I loved an ox-eyed Russian maid;
We parted at the dock-side.
Farewell in chemic terms, I said,
"Goodbye, my $Fe O$!" (Fair Russ, ox-
eyed).

Blest be the tie that binds
Two atoms in a close embrace,
Until rude agitation finds
And forces them clean out o' place.

"Yep, I'm an old salt!" said $NaCl$; "I'm
the feller that invented the phrase 'briny
deep.'"

H_2S ! Phew! Phew!

H_2SO_4 !

Hit the beaker on the beak,
And loudly call for more!

Let us atom!

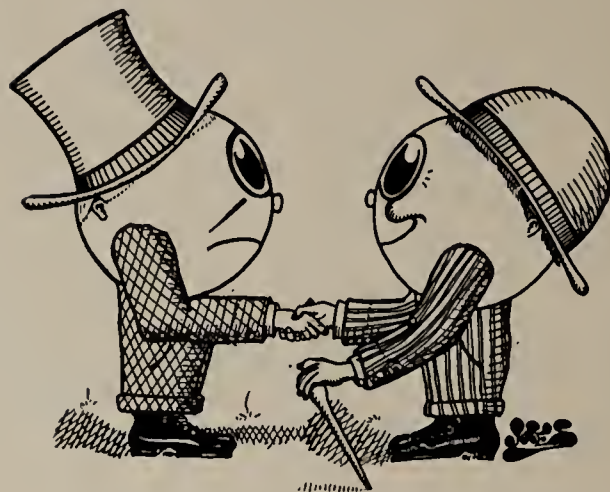
H.V.K!

Arsenic sublime!

Blow the blowpipe all away!

Chem-is-tree—Naught Nine!!

THE CHEMICAL ATOMS.



Oxygen Atom—Hello, Nick; how's your
valency this afternoon?

Nickel Atom—Hello, Oxy; say, are you
going to the effervescence tonight?

O. A.—No; I've sworn off getting satu-
rated. Say, Nick, does H_2O you anything?

N. A.—Yes; he does, Oxy; he owes me
four corpuscles.

O. A.—There goes old Tin Atom with
Miss Moly-Cule, his affinity, you know.

N. A.—I thought they had separated.

O. A.—No; the trouble between them
seems to have been digested.

N. A.—Have you seen Ar-senic railway
yet?

O. A.—No; did Cal-ci-um?

N. A.—No; but Al did.

O. A.—Al who?

N. A.—Aluminum.

O. A.—Let's go into the cafe and have
the waiter fetch some phos-phor-us.

N. A.—All right; where does Io-dine?

O. A.—At Cobalt's, I think; let's go
there.

N. A.—All right; their orchestra plays
Sulphurious, though. I heard a good song
last night.

O. A.—Who sang it?

N. A.—Didymium, the Carbon Atom.

O. A.—What was the name of the song?

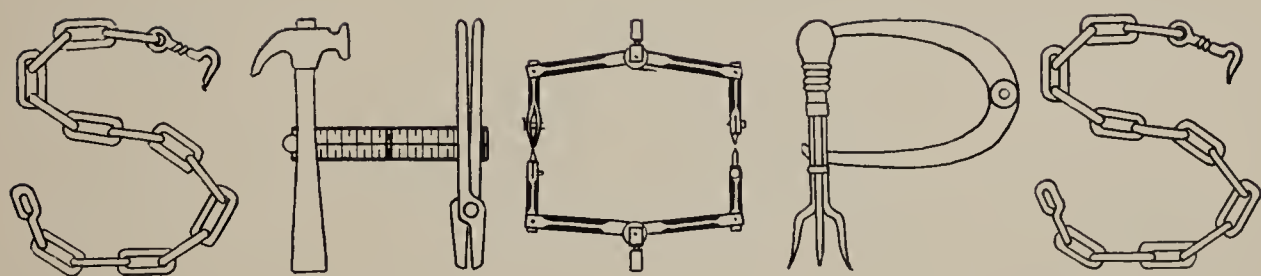
N. A.—Chlorine, My Chlorine; Come
Nauseate with Me."

O. A.—How did the prizefight come out
last night?

N. A.—Kid Lead precipitated Young
Iron in the fourth reaction. The Coppers
stopped the action.

O. A.—Well, here comes my Zirconium;
so long.

N. A.—Just Tellurium that you saw me,
Oxy. Good-bye.





THE characteristic feature of the course at Manual is the branch of work carried on in the shops. This it is which distinguishes this school from an ordinary high school and gives a breadth of training unattainable in other institutions. As much stress is laid upon this branch as upon the academic course, and justly



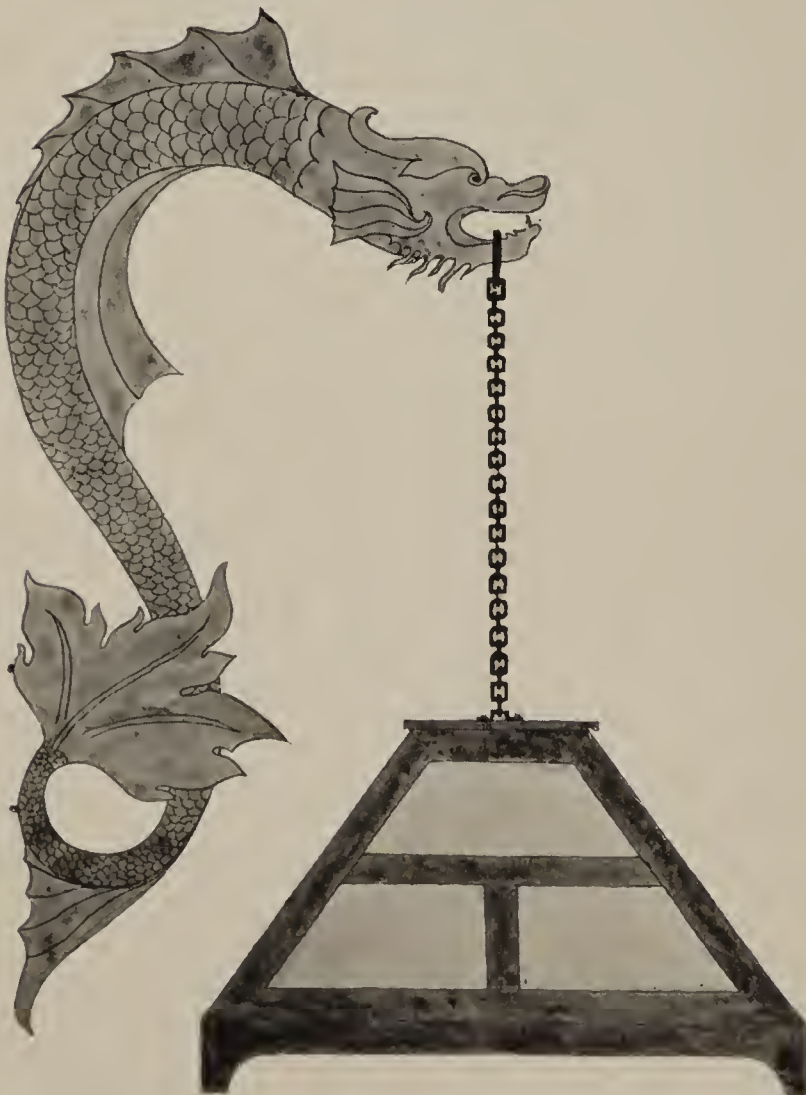
FREE-HAND DRAWINGS.

so, for, as has been stated by many, a man is not complete or sufficiently rounded out in his character who has not had physical, as well as mental training. Although Manual is not intended to be in any way a trade school, yet the great variety of work given in its shop's course enables the students to obtain a little insight into the various professions of the business world.

Mechanical drawing is required for at least two years for the girls, and three years for the boys. Here elementary drawing is first taught and later orthographic and isometric projection is taken up. Houses are planned and various pieces of furniture designed by the girls in their second year, while the boys make shop drawings of machinery. The construction of various forms of gear wheels is taught in the Senior year.

Freehand drawing is required for at least two years; some very fine work has been done in this department by the pupils.

In the same general line is the course of designing; stained glass windows, various appliances of wrought iron, program covers and other useful and ornamental things are designed.



—Drawn by G. E. Bradbury.

Clay modeling presents still another form of developing originality and careful workmanship in the pupils.

Wood carving is also taught and a very interesting course is given in this line.

All these branches are enjoyed alike by boys and girls as is the work in joinery. Here the scholars are instructed in wood working. They learn some of the art of cabinet, making as well as the more general field of careful carpentering. Mr. Steele, the instructor, and his class built a large, roomy club house for the athletic teams at their practice grounds in City Park. The building is neat appearing and very durable, with its concrete floor and well-constructed walls.

However, the girls and boys do not have all their work in common, but are trained along different lines in the latter part of their school year. The girls take up cooking and sewing, while the boys go on with their wood working in turning and pattern shops.

In cooking much is learned, which, of itself, is of real value to the girls. Luncheons and dinner parties are given by different groups of these girls to their parents and teachers.

Dressmaking and millinery are taught in Sewing, and the girls learn to draft the patterns for their work.

After finishing the courses in wood-turning and pattern making, where patterns are made for steam and gasolene engines and other mechanisms, the boys take up a course in iron working. In forge shop they learn to weld, forge tools and chains and make wrought iron fixtures. Here, as everywhere, the best work is required of the pupils.

The largest shop and perhaps the most interesting one is the machine shop. The most accurate work is absolutely necessary. A great variety of work is carried on, as a large per cent of the apparatus used in the laboratories is made here, besides the engines and electrical devices, which the different students make for themselves.

Another shop which is not compulsory, but which is used a great deal is the printing shop. All the programs, letter



CLAY MODELING ROOM.



CARVED STOOL.

heads, report cards and in fact all the job printing for the schools of Denver is done here.

Each shop bears directly on those preceding it. For instance, a pupil may start out and make a drawing for a steam engine in the mechanical drawing room; then, in pattern shop he can make the patterns for it. All the brass parts may then be cast in the foundry at school, but the iron castings will have to be procured from outside. In machine shop he can finish it up and put it together; also make such parts as have to be forged in forge shop.

The course is undoubtedly beneficial to the students, and it is also a pleasure, for it relieves the monotony caused by sitting still so long during recitation periods, and is something which in itself is well liked by most of the students.

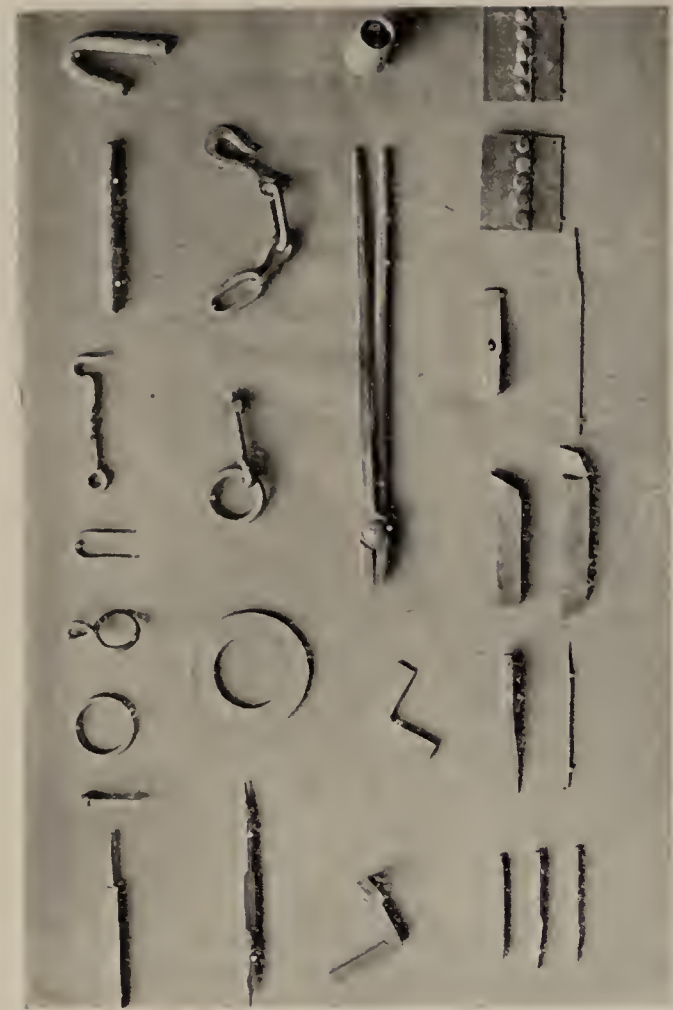
ALDEN ROOT.



JOINERY SHOP.



OTHER
MODELS.



COOKING LABORATORY.

Manual Training Schools.

Today the establishment of a manual training school is no longer an experiment. The country is being rapidly supplied with these new institutions of learning, and it is but a question of time before each school will have its manual training department. A manual training school is not a "trade school" wherein a number of distinct trades are taught, but a school founded upon the knowledge that a division of time spent at books and in the shops, gives the greater satisfaction. In such a school, the manual training acts as a stimulant to the intellect, and enables the student to more readily grasp the conditions existing in his academic studies. Either one in itself, manual training or mental training, is but half, hence the two belong together. Manual training schools were first looked upon as being for the poorer classes only, but since they have proved so satisfactory, they now contain representatives of the very highest. The delusion that a manual training school is better adapted for the boy's education than his sister's does not last long when the truth is known. The excellent facilities for the girls, in their shops and laboratories, make their work extremely enjoyable as well as practical. We Manual pupils have been told so often that we are enjoying extraordinary advantages of education that we no longer think much about it. But it is hard to realize what such a school as Manual would have meant to the boys and girls of a century ago. Now, since there are such schools, we should make the most of them. A boy who graduates from Manual has a decided advantage, on entering an engineering course, over one from another school. His four years of shop practice and investigation enables him to readily understand the problems which underlie all engineering work; and this, his less fortunate brother

finds hard to do. Some boys do not attend a higher institution than Manual; but what they have learned in the shops and laboratories, etc., probably does more for their success than any other thing. Manual does not and can not be expected to turn out skilled mechanics in the short four years' course, but does give them sufficient training to enable them to become such if they properly apply themselves afterwards. Many a skilled and responsible young man has become an expert in a line of training without ever attending an institution beyond a manual training school.

The advantages a girl derives from her work are just as important to her. She spends the same length of time in her special line of training as the boys do at their work. In early school days, the girls went to school and studied their books as they do now, but only too often their education contained no more. What they additionally learned was through their hard-working mother's efforts, and then it was not given properly. Think how a Manual would have been appreciated by those mothers. In Manual, day by day, the instructions are given a little at a time, but it is surprising, at the end of the term to see the large amount they have learned. The knowledge of scientific cooking as taught the girl students will likely mean the disappearance of the dyspeptic. In short it will mean a blessing to humanity, and domestic felicity will be assured.

A manual training school's mission is many-fold. It brings out all the sleeping talent in her pupils and puts it in touch with the right line of development. Again it performs a wonderful work in producing scholarly men and women, and dignifying all legitimate labor, thereby rendering an inestimable service to society and mankind.

Albert E. Prather.



A SOPH-MOWER.

THE MANUAL DAILY BULLETIN.

The Manual Daily Bulletin is a small daily paper published by and in the interest of the pupils of the Manual Training High School. It contains all news that has a bearing upon the school and its surroundings. Athletics take up a good portion of the space and the pupils are kept in touch with the movements of the different athletic teams. Cartoons are usually published twice a week and are excellent caricatures of events that pertain to school work. Very often the cartoons are of pupils who have distinguished themselves in different lines.

The circulation of the Bulletin is limited to two copies, one is posted on the second floor and the other on the bulletin board

on the first floor, so that the pupils may stop at all times during the day and read the announcements.

Two reporters from each grade attend to all news pertaining to events that happen in the class room while special reporters take care of athletic, literary and cadet news.

So far the Bulletin has proved a great success and has no doubt helped a great deal in furthering athletics and school spirit.

This year's staff is composed of the following pupils: Editor, Alfred Pelton; assistant editor, Roscoe Stockton; athletic editors, Gerald Collins and Warner Bailey; cartoonist, Ralph Jones.



SOME BULLETIN CARTOONS.

The Captain.

As Bob Meredith swung into the Gamma Gamma rooms he was greeted by a chorus of voices.

"Hello, fellows," he said with a big laugh, as he threw his hat onto the table and lounged into a chair. Bob lounged into everything; that is, he did until it happened—but that was later. "Why the pow-wow?" he asked.

"It's the new kid, Meredith," spoke up Sidney Van Dyke, a huge fellow with a gala air, whose devoted application to football led to such ignominious flunks in Latin.

"The eighth wonder of the world; a shark, a prodigy, a marvel of skill——"

"Oh! chuck it, Brownlee, is it football you mean?" interrupted Meredith with a lazy kick at the youthful Brownlee, otherwise known as "Babe."

"It is football, Meredith." It was Wesley Gaylord who spoke from his seat in the window. Before the first word had left his lips the noisy babel ceased and every eye was turned with a deep regard toward the little fellow whose right sleeve hung empty by his side. A year ago Wes had had to talk through the racket like any other man, but since that memorable day when Wes Gaylord led Hilton to victory on the football field at the cost of his good right arm, it had been different.

Meredith frowned. He had been spoiled by the popularity that had been his from the very first day of his arrival at Hilton, and it annoyed him, this furore over a new kid. Therefore, it was with a trace of contempt in his voice that he asked: "Who is your boy wonder? Captain of the Stubble Corners eleven; sensation of the county, etc., etc., I suppose? I've seen 'em before."

Gaylord's merry face clouded as he passed to the captain's chair. "Bobbie, old man," he said, "what in thunder's the matter? Is it a secret?"

"Why, nothing," Meredith answered pulling himself from his chair, "I'll be going, though, and leave you fellows to discuss—Hilton's new star." A chorus of protest arose, but Meredith made his way to the door, where he turned and with one of his old ringing laughs, shouted back, "Send him around, fellows; this new man of yours, for if he's what you think he is, we'll need him—bad."

Brownlee whistled. "Gad," he said with the fine disregard of form that characterized him, "Ain't that funny?"

"Never saw Meredith do the spoiled baby act before, did you, kid?" broke in Davis, the smashing center, with a queer laugh.

Brownlee's jolly face hardened as he leaned over toward Davis, and his voice took a note of challenge as he asked, "Have you?"

Davis only laughed again and shrugged his shoulders. "It won't do in a captain," he said, "and everyone knows that sulking won't win the cup from Darnley, not by a long shot."

"Here! here!" shouted several, jumping up. "Mutiny, mutiny in the ranks; down with the traitor," and with a horrible clamor half the boys in the room fell on him. They all scrambled to their feet as the door opened and "Silver" Smith entered with the new boy in tow, a stout, broad-shouldered fellow with a merry eye and an air that said "business." He moved with an alert quickness and decision that brought a smile to the faces of those of the team that were there. After he had shaken hands all around, Gaylord asked him to turn up for football practice.

"Thanks," he said in a deep, serious voice that belied the twinkle in his eye, "I'll be glad to try."

* * * *

The fellows were all out when Meredith sprang among them the next morning for practice. Meredith the loungeer was gone; it was Meredith the player who stood before them. In short order the ball was in play. Philip Mack, the new boy, was left alone on the sidelines. But he didn't feel out of place or neglected; he was interested in watching the play. Once or twice he gasped at the sheer audacity of the captain, and once he whistled in surprise at a misjudgment. After perhaps twenty minutes had passed, Phil saw Meredith speak to the coach and shortly "Stub" Meller came over to where Phil was standing.

"You're Mack, I believe," he said. "The second team'll be out in a few minutes and we'll give you a place, but Meredith wants to put you on here in Brownlee's place for a try-out. Will you come?"

"I will," answered Philip Mack, and the joy of battle flashed in his eyes.

When the second team came out it was Mack instead of Brownlee who took a place thereon, and when the team lists were posted a fortnight later, Mack's name blazed where poor Brownlee's might have been.

* * * *

It was the first of October and the St. Mark-Hilton game was on. The second half was well begun when Van Dyke, out of the game as the result of a classroom lapse, moved over to Wesley Gaylord, who was standing with bated breath watching Mack tear a hole in the blue and white line.

"Well," he said, "will he do?"

"Do?" answered Gaylord, turning around; "why, kid, another play like that and St. Mark's is a goner."

"How about Meredith?" questioned Van Dyke.

"He's playing his game, Van," Gaylord said with a sharp look at his companion, "and it's a good game, too."

"Don't happen to be the winning game today," Van Dyke sneered.

In a flash Gaylord was facing him with a gleam of anger in his eyes and a frown between them. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he snapped. Then his eyes softened and laying his hand on Van Dyke's shoulder, he said: "Van, don't go back on the best fellow that ever wore the Hilton 'C,' and the worthiest. If you don't think the team is the best ever, remember, old man, that but for the captain there wouldn't be any team at all. He's worked over the team, kid; he's heart and soul in it. He's a good player, too, and it's not for you and me, Van, to question his work."

"A fellow can't help the way he feels, Wes," said Van Dyke, kicking up the dirt with his foot.

"Try it, Van," responded Gaylord and turned away. The disloyalty of the team, for Van Dyke's feeling was general, hurt Gaylord. He knew the game as few do and while he saw that it was Mack's quick smashing work that was saving the day for Hilton, he yet lost no faith in the dashing, dare-devil play of Meredith.

Hilton had won the first game of the season and for a day the town whooped with joy. Then they settled down to the dull grind of routine. Every day the team trotted out for practice. Two games were won and the new warrior became the talk of the town. Not that he so greatly merited this notoriety but as Babe Brownlee said: "He's well puffed, by George!"

Pembroke Academy was yet to play and then, on the twentieth of November came the great Darnley game. For two years Darnley had been victorious over Hilton and to win this year meant the possession of the silver loving cup offered by the business men of Darnley to the school winning the league championship three years in succession. In view of the great Darnley battle, Pembroke was given little thought by the Hilton boys. Coach Miller took a trip down to Darnley to get a line on the team and when he came back, he told the boys that to beat Darnley they would have to do some steady work. "We must score by hitting the line." A deep murmur arose and there were many glances toward the broad back of the captain as he stood gazing stolidly out of the window.

That evening as Wesley Gaylord came out of the Lab where he had spent the afternoon, he fell in behind a couple of fellows dragging home from squad practice and overheard one of them use Meredith's name in vain. Then he shamelessly listened.

"Aw, you fellows'll have to buck up and win anyhow, Davis," said the taller of the two.

"Huh," grunted the other, "I guess the bucking up'll be conspicuous by its absence. Every fellow on the team knows that Meredith is not the man for the Darnley game and that with Meredith at the head of the team we *can't* win." He laughed harshly. "Old Stub says: 'It's you to steady down,' as if any team under the sun could steady down under a dare-devil like Meredith. It's a farce, Harkness, and I, for one, don't intend to dislocate anything 'bucking up.'"

Here the path forked and Gaylord turned off toward his rooms with a heavy heart. He had known that dissatisfaction ran high, but here was more than he had even feared. In the first place he believed the feeling to be an unjust one. Besides, he and Bob were pals, had been for three long years. Yet he knew that with such a feeling in existence Davis was practically right, it was Meredith versus the game. He felt that he ought to do something, but he didn't know what, and he spent a fortnight of unrest and indecision. Then on the night before the Pembroke battle he decided. Coming into the Gamma Gamma rooms, he found them in turmoil. "Silver" Smith was the center of the excited group.

"Hello, Wes!" some one shouted, but most of the boys looked down and said nothing.

Gaylord whistled. "What's the row?" he asked.

"Nothing," Smith snapped as he swaggered out of the room.

"Everything," stormed big Van Dyke above the pandemonium that broke loose upon the closing of the door. "Shut up, fellows, Gaylord had better know." When the storm had subsided he continued: "Stub called old Silver down this afternoon for being late to practice. Silver had stopped to chat with his particular co-ed and got hot of course, and talked nasty about football in general, and Meredith in particular, and Stub's fired him."

Gaylord was silent for a moment then he said slowly: "I—I guess you can win without Silver, can't you?"

"What's that Mr. Gaylord says?" piped "Happy" Morris from a sea of cushions. "Win without Meredith, is that what he says?" "Why, yes, Mr. Gaylord, that's what we say."

Gaylord turned. "Good-night," he said.

A dozen sprang to their feet. "Oh, I say Wes," cried Harkness, "don't be sore, it's only 'Happy.'" "Happy" snorted, but a pillow quickly and effectively quenched the outflow of his wit.

"Sore? Not a bit, Harkness," Gaylord answered, and then turning to the room he said in a low voice: "I understand."

* * * *

Half an hour later Gaylord knocked at Meredith's door. Meredith was sitting alone before his fire and at the knock he started up with a frown.

"Who?" he called without moving.

"Wes," was the answer.

Meredith rose and opened the door. Wes was struck dumb for the moment by the haggard sharpness of his friend's face, but when he spoke it was lightly.

"Hello, my Hermit," he said. "I am glad to find you alone."

The frown on Meredith's face deepened as he pushed a chair forward, and he spoke with a strange bitterness. "I haven't had an 'At-Home' for some time."

Wes shifted uneasily. When he looked up Meredith was standing staring vacantly into the fire. "Sit down, Bob," he said, "I have something to tell you."

"I'll die standing, Wes," Meredith answered with a sardonic little laugh.

"You know then why I have come."

"I didn't think it would be tonight, but I knew you would come to tell me that—that I am not wanted."

Wes swallowed hard. There was a lump in his throat that was choking him as he crossed to his friend's side.

"More than that, Bob," he said almost tenderly, "I have come to ask you to resign the captaincy."

Meredith stirred not a muscle.

"It is not I, Bob," Gaylord continued.

"I know," Meredith said in a cold lifeless voice. "It is the school." He picked up a long sealed envelope from the table and handing it to Gaylord said in the same hard voice: "My resignation, and good-night."

Gaylord reached for his hat. "Good night," he said.

* * * *

Robert Meredith's resignation from the captaincy and the team was accepted with small protest and Philip Mack was elected captain of the Hilton eleven. A promising freshman was put in Meredith's place at full for the Pembroke game, but despite the enthusiasm of the rest of the team this weakness at full lost the game for the Hilton boys.

The next day Meredith turned up in football duds at practice time. "Mack," he said, holding out his hand, "do you need a full-back?"

"Meredith, I never was so glad in my life," the captain answered.

* * * *

On the night of the twentieth of November, Hilton went mad with joy. Darnley had been beaten by—Bob Meredith, who had by a marvelous series of trick plays won his way to victory in a purely daring game, in spite of calculation, reason almost, and it was Meredith's name that rang through the red hot, booming, banging streets of Hilton.

"Wes," said Meredith, when they were alone at last, "I'm the happiest man in Hilton."

"And the best," Gaylord added as their hands met.

Caroyln St. Clair.



FAIR SAMPLE OF LAST YEAR'S JOKES:

"Why does an oyster?"

And,
"Aint it a shame?"

Or,
Teacher—What is your name, Jimmy?
Jimmy—Jimmy is my name, teacher.

Compare these with the fine new stock
in this year's Annual.

An editor relates the following: "When
first he went to see her, he showed a timid
heart; and even when the light was low
they sat this far apart; but as
their love grew warmer, they learned its
joy and bliss, and sat upcloselikethis."

"What is the first meal of the day?"
asked John's papa.

"Oatmeal," answered John promptly.

Turn failure into victory;
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just make the lemonade.

UNKIND.

Mrs. D.—My husband was jealous to
the last.

Mrs. E.—Indeed!

Mrs. D.—Yes; just before he died he
requested me not to wear mourning for
him—and he knew I looked better in black
than anything else.

"Freddie," said the visitor, "I hear your
father gave you a watch on your birthday.
Was it a hunting case watch?"

"No, ma'am," replied Freddie, "it was a
bare faced watch."

MOTHERS' EXCUSES TO TEACHERS.

Miss Brown—You must stop teach my
Lizzie fisikal torture she needs yet readin'
an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want
her to do jumping I kin make her jump.

Dear Teacher—Please excus Fritz for
staying home he had der meesells to oblige
his father.

YES OR NO?

If in classroom a boy gets too "flip,"
And office-ward then takes a trip,
With a slip to tell why,—
What would you imply
If he gave Mr. Bradley "the slip?"

THE OSTRICH.

The ostrich is a silly bird
With scarcely any mind;
He often runs so very fast,
He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there has to stand,
And hang about all night
Without a blessed thing to do,
Until he comes in sight.

Carl—Did you propose to Madeleine last
night?

Arthur—Yes.

Carl—Did the old man kick you out of
doors?

Arthur—No; he didn't wait till I was
out doors.

Mr. Borst—Albert, if your mother had
a dozen eggs and broke six, what would
be left?

Albert—The shells.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Mr. Rhodes—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply.

Mr. R. (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Sammis (badly frightened)—"It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury."

Appropriate motto for Room 7: "I hear in the chamber above me, the patter of little feet."

Ronald—Why do you say that this man "passed away" instead of "died?"

Alden—He owed me money, and I don't like to feel that he is really dead.

Teacher (of night school)—What is meant by the phrase: "Twin relics of barbarism?"

Shaggy Haired Pupil—A pair of earrings, ma'am.

A group of students is talking in the hall when a youth approaches, singles out a girl and begins something like this:

"Er say, Belle, are you —er—er going to the dance to —er—mor—" By the time he has said this much the others have grasped the situation, and the two most interested are left alone.

Moral—Skidoo as you would be skid-done by.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her.

"You stole a kiss while I was asleep," she exclaimed.

"Well," stammered the young man, "you were sleeping so soundly—you looked so pretty, so tempting—yes, I admit I did take one little one."

The girl smiled scornfully.

"One!" said she. "Hum, I counted seven before I woke up."

DEADLY INSULT.

"Dickey, why did you strike Tommy?"

"He called me a sarcasm affinity!"

"What did he mean by that?"

"I dunno. That's why I slugged 'im."

Halsey—Is there a new moon every month, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Halsey—And does God cut the old moons up and make stars of them?

While in the country last summer Bertha listened in astonishment to the clucking of the hen to her brood of small chicks.

"Mamma," she said, "the poor old hen has got the hiccoughs."

Small Harold—What are you doing?

Little Robert—I'm writing a composition on dogs. Can you tell me anything about dogs?

Small Harold—Sure. Fleas are always about dogs.





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M. T. H. S. pupils entering before July 15th and mentioning this advertisement, will receive a discount of five per cent on tuition.

W. T. PARKS, M. S., D. C. S., Principal.

Mr. Zeilman—What is ratio?
 William Beckhart—Ratio is proportion.
 Mr. Z.—Well, what is proportion?
 Wm. B.—Proportion is ratio.
 Mr. Z.—What are proportion and ratio?
 Wm. B.—Great Scott! I can't answer
 two questions at once!

A little girl returning from school, was
 asked by her father what she had learned
 to spell.
 "Rat—R-A-T."
 "Now how do you spell mouse?"
 "Just the same, only in little smaller let-
 ters," answered the little girl.

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Write for special summer term booklet.
Address R. A. Le DOUX, President.

1545 Glenarm St., Denver, Colo.

Junior—"Why did you leave school?"
Soph—"The principal said something I didn't like."
Junior—"He did?"
Soph—"Yes, he told me I was canned."

"So Mr. R—— gave you a 'D,' did he?"
"Yes, but I will get even with him yet. The next time he tells a joke I won't laugh."

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One of our young cadets was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform.

"Why father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's Apple so hard I can taste cider."

Roscoe (just after the Annual board had been agitated by a false alarm of Mr. Quinn's approach, 5:30 p. m.)—"Wait—wait a minute till I sw—swallow my heart again."

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“May,” said the sentimental Soph-ess, “is my favorite month. I wish it would last forever.”
“Same here,” rejoined the practical Junior, “I’ve got a Latin make-up test the first of June.”

Della—Bella told me that secret I told you not to tell her.
Stella—She’s a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.
Della—Well, I told her I wouldn’t tell you she told me; so don’t tell her I did.

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Holmes Parks—“Can I advertise in the Annual?”
John White—“Well, I don’t—you know that Mr. Bradley has to approve the ads.”

There are two reasons why some people don’t mind their own business. One is that they haven’t any mind, and the other is that they haven’t any business.

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NOTICE.

Freshmen who thought the ANNUAL BOX was a slot machine, may have their pennies back by applying to the editor.

They say that "only the truth hurts." Is that why Ray Humphrey objected so strenuously to the epithet chosen for him?

The positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of getting on in the world are: "Get on; get honor; get honest."

WHAT BROUGHT THEM?

A rural school had a pretty girl as its teacher, but she was troubled because many of her pupils were late every morning. At last she made the announcement that she would kiss the first pupil to arrive at the schoolhouse the next morning. At sunrise the largest three boys of her class were sitting on the door steps of the school house, and by 6 o'clock every boy in the school and four of the directors were waiting for her to arrive.



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Helen Wolcott (ordering meat from the butcher)—"Hello; is this Thompson's butcher?"

Young Butcher—"Yes."

Helen—"Have you a heart today?"

Young Butcher (getting interested)—
"Why sure!"

Helen—"May I have it right away?"

Young Butcher—"I'll try to get off; where will I find you?"

At this Helen indignantly hung up the 'phone.

Mr. Rhodes.—What was the last thing Napoleon did?

Luhr Jensen—Huh—he died.

Dick's finger, which he had blistered by thrusting it into a kettle of boiling water, had quit hurting. One afternoon on examining it, he was heard to remark:

"The bark on it is so loose, that for half a cent I'd make a whistle out of it."

Jessie Holt—I like to chew this gum; it squashes so easy.

The teacher was giving the juvenile class a lesson in punctuation.

"What is that?" she asked of a small pupils, pointing to a period.

"That," answered the little one, "is the lid off an 'I.'"

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"Have you heard about Charlotte being so sick?"

"Why, no. What's the matter?"

"Oh, she got down with arsenic poisoning the other day, after Raymond wore that green tie."

Miss Stinson—"Lillian, put on a little more paint."

Regina—"Well, some people are just naturally brilliant."

Helen B.—"Outside or in?"

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Teacher of Chemistry

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Maurice Shugren—"Naw; ham and eggs are good enough for me."

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Louise—What do you like best about a girl?

Warner—My arms.

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Lieutenant Gleim rushed to the bridge and saluted:

"Captain Kobey," he shouted—for the roar of the artillery was deafening—"the enemy has got our range."

Kobey frowned. "Curse the luck!" he growled. "Now, how can the cook get dinner?"

Teacher (to studious Freshie)—"Have you ever gotten a 'D' since you have been here?"

Freshie (bursting into tears)—"No, ma'am, I n-never have."

Teacher (consoling)—"Well, now, don't cry any more about it; you're going to get one now."

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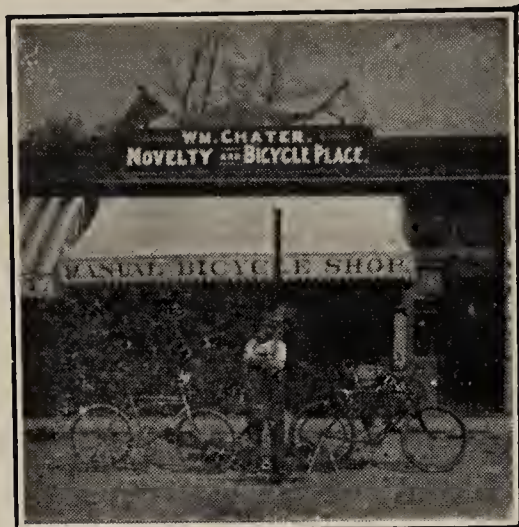
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